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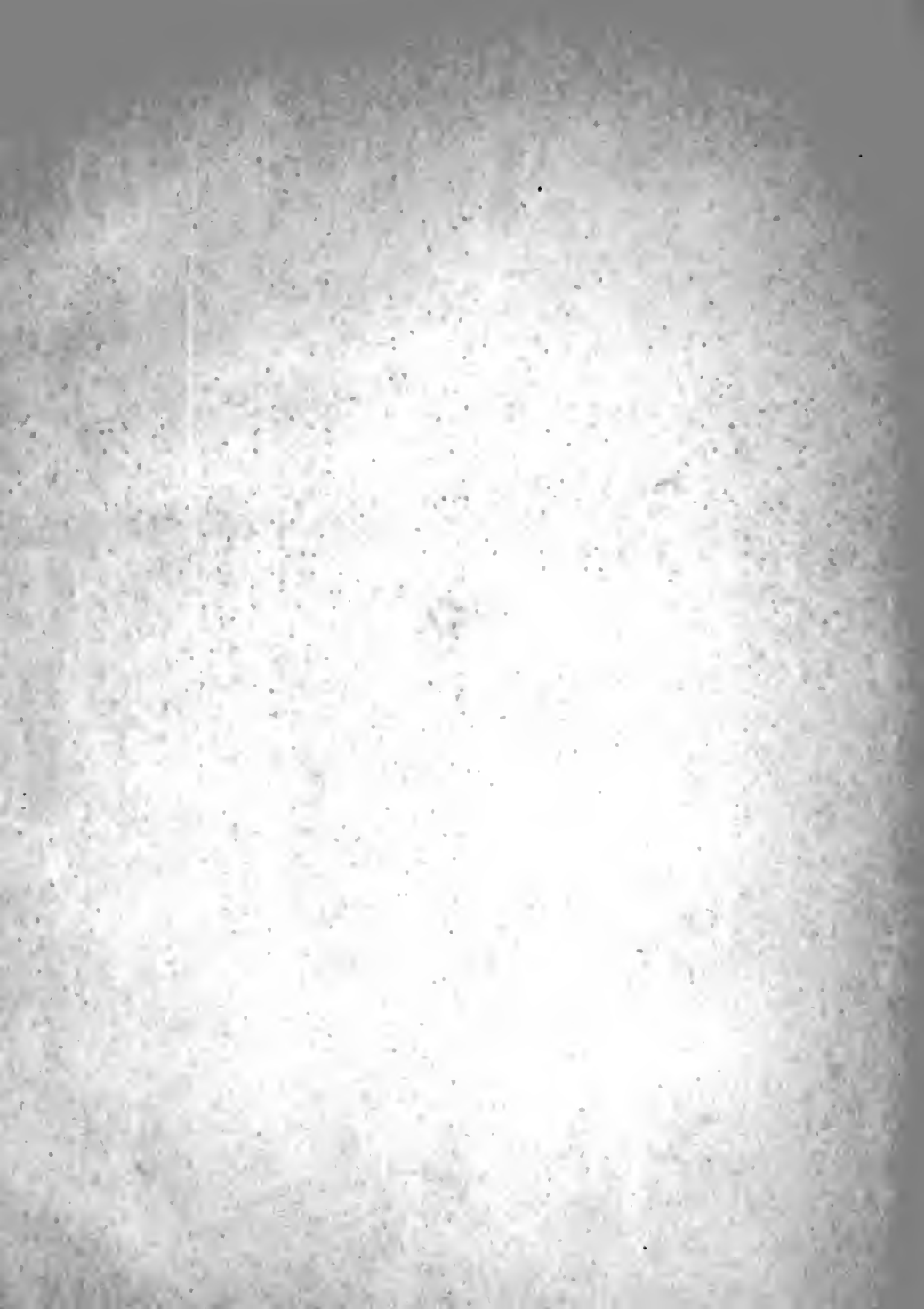


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THE

BOOK OF BEAUTY.

OR

TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP.

FOR

1847.

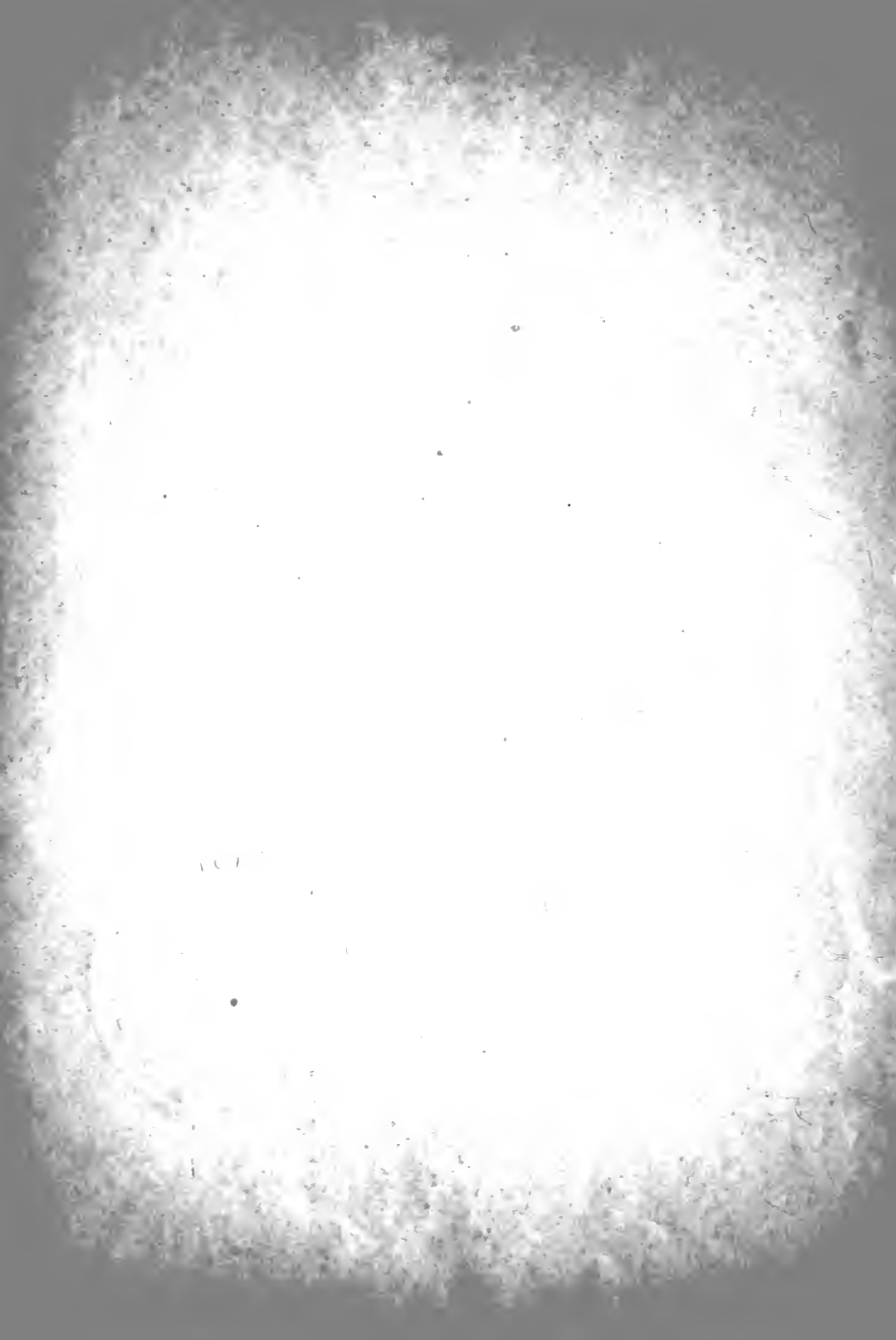
To weep for hours departed
When life has lost its bloom,
To wither, broken hearted,
May such ne'er be thy doom.

EDITED BY A LADY.

New-York :

JOHN LEVISON,

126 CHATHAM SQUARE.



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AMERICAN BOOK OF BEAUTY.

TO MRS. HENRY BALDWIN.

BY J. E. P.

'Tis sweet to bend us o'er the angelic forms
Vision'd by Fancy; but 'tis sweeter far
To lift our eyes from her enchanting page,
And gaze upon the bright realities
Of living loveliness. Who feels not this,
Would be enamored of a mimic flower
In the rich presence of the breathing rose.

Thou, Lady, whom the tributary Arts
Have placed before us, freshly, as the dew
Of life were on thee, art of mortal mould;
And yet so fair—so chastely, simply fair—
So softly beaming with ethereal grace,
That POETRY might almost name thee—HERA.
Who that beholds thy noble mien need ask—
Where are thy jewels?—where the orient pearls
That braid the hair, the glittering chains that tell
Of rich possessions, and of courtly rank?
Like the proud Roman matron—thy jewels are thy children,
And thou hast that—the noblest of all titles—
Which, hadst thou not, no princely breath could give,
Which having, monarchs might in vain aspire
More to ennoble thee: "The young—the fair—
The faultless MORTALS, and the blameless WIVES"

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

A SONG.

Which is the better, tell me pray!
Old Wisdom, with his frown of scorning,
Or Lady Folly, glad and gay
As is a summer's sunny morning?
One, dark as night —
The other, bright
As Joy o'er Beauty's features flashing:
One, calm and cold —
The other, bold
As a swift river, seaward dashing!
Let sober elves read Wisdom's book
Until its leaden pages tire them —
While Folly prompts me still to look
On Youth and Beauty — to admire them!

Which is the happier? — Doubt it not,
The light from Wisdom's palace streaming
Smiles not upon a brighter lot,
Than that in Folly's cottage beaming.
For ancient lore
And golden store
Oppress the heart and dull its spirit:
Best gem of earth
Is radiant Mirth —
The wealth which Folly's heirs inherit!
But would the Earth in gladness roll,
Oh, bring the maid and sage together —
Let Folly read his learned scroll,
And Wisdom wear her cap and feather!

THE GERMAN BANDIT.

BY LIEUT. SPARKS, U. S. N.

TOWARD the close of the year 1813, I chanced to be carried to England, a prisoner of war, in the then existing struggle between that government and the United States. One of my maternal uncles being a Liverpool merchant of some influence, through his exertions I was immediately liberated on parole, not to depart the British dominions. It was about this time that the kingdom of Hanover was restored to Great Britain; and among other tours of pleasure projected by my English friends, was one to this dependency of the British crown.

At this period, the prison of Hanover occupied a plot of ground contiguous to the gate, which opens upon the noble alley conducting to the country palaces of Hernhausen and Montbrillant. Its walls were partially washed by the river Lahn, which impetuously hurries beneath the adjoining bridges. It was a strong and compact edifice, sombre and simple, as became its destination.

Frequently upon returning from riding and walking in the fine moonlit evenings, a voice of exceeding harmony and expression, issuing from this abode of crime and woe, attracted my attention. When first these soft and mellow notes fell sweetly on my ear, I ascribed them to the jailer's daughter—a dark-eyed, beauteous girl, who, like the flowers that gayly flaunted outside the prison-porch, formed a strange contrast to the hideousness within. This, however, I discovered, upon near approach, was not the case. The minstrel was evidently a man—some unhappy wretch—probably inhaling the refreshing breezes as they fluttered round the massive gratings of his cell, and striving to drown the miseries of his soul or the terrors of his conscience by singing in cadence to his chains.

The voice was so exquisitely melodious, so rich, and evidently well-tutored, that I pictured to myself some unfortunate artist incarcerated

for debt, or, perhaps, some hot-brained political offender of higher education. Here again I was mistaken. The singer was a murderer—an incendiary; a man branded with a thousand atrocities; a bandit chief, a species of German *Fra Diavolo*, who had long desolated several neighboring states. A hundred times he had escaped, as if by miracle, from perils and prisons. No less often had he been acquitted of the most heinous crimes by proving *alibis*, or from want of evidence. At length he had been captured on suspicion of having robbed and murdered a royal forester, and now awaited the last award of the tribunals.

Upon the restoration of legitimate government in Hanover, civil and criminal jurisprudence resumed its former course. The old Roman and Caroline codes, which had been abrogated during the French occupation of Westphalia, at least as regards their application in some points, were revived. Among these the necessity of confession to enable summary punishment to be inflicted upon criminals, where direct testimony was wanting to establish guilt. It is necessary to mention this to account for what follows.

Being seated one day at table near a councillor of the Supreme Court, our conversation chanced to fall upon music, and thence led to the malefactor, whose musical talents I criticised with some warmth. After moralizing upon the contrasts that oftentimes occur between the bounteous gifts of nature to man, and the devilish purposes to which he converts them, my learned neighbor continued: "It will be my painful duty this night to put that man's daring courage to the test. If he succumbs, death will be his doom; if he resists, his punishment will be perpetual imprisonment; but he is so marvellously expert, strong, and enduring, his accomplices, both male and female, are so numerous, that I know of no prison that can retain him. Bars, chains, and stone walls, have hitherto yielded to his touch as though they were cobwebs. He passes for having a charmed life. In truth, his escapes and adventures might warrant one in supposing that the darker powers had taken him under their protection."

"Until he is delivered over by them to more terrible retribution than can be inflicted by human hands," answered I. "But you said that you were about to put his firmness to the test—explain, I beg, your meaning."

"He has been tried patiently," replied the judge, "we have had abundant circumstantial evidence, but no direct testimony. In order, therefore, to inflict death, we must have confession, and, as the old laws enjoin the application of the Question——"

"The Question!" retorted I, interrupting him, "the torture! and this under the British government?"

"You mistake," rejoined the judge. "We are not under the British government. That government has no more control over our laws than it has over those of Denmark."

"But the crown—the prince governor—whose soul would ring with horror at the revival of this barbarous practice; can not one or other interfere?"

"All acts of grace rest with the crown after condemnation, but it can not anticipate judgment," answered the judge. "Our old laws, until abrogated or modified, as they will be shortly, are imperative. The prince is the first servant of the laws; he can not interpose or anticipate justice; he must steel his generous heart against all softer sentiments in the face of this stern duty. Besides," added the councillor, "this wretch merits no compassion. The catalogue of his abomination is countless."

It would be superfluous to repeat the remainder of a conversation, during which my learned neighbor proved only two things to my satisfaction; namely, that it was utterly out of my good and benevolent master's power to avert the prisoner's sufferings; and that this would probably be the last time of enforcing the barbarous practice.*

Strange to say, I was at first seized with a morbid curiosity to witness this terrible operation, and obtained the judge's permission for that purpose. Subsequent consideration, however, induced me to abstain; but I was agitated the whole of that night with horrible dreams. Racks and instruments of torture, such as I had read of in books, moved around me. Stifled groans and shrill screams thrilled upon my sleeping ears, mingled alternately with soft sounds of music. I awoke long before daylight with my bones aching as though I myself had undergone the fierce ordeal. My suffering was such that I rose, opened the window, and sought to refresh myself in the early morn-

* It is almost needless to observe that the modifications alluded to were effected as speedily as possible, and that the application of the Question was abolished.

ing breeze. Scarcely had I done this, ere the different city clocks chimed four. Their heavy droning echo had not yet died away, ere I heard the distant sound of a Tyrolean air, warbled as none could warble but the bandit. I listened again. The sounds, rising above the stillness of the night, came from the neighboring prison, wafted by a gentle breeze; there could be no error. It was evident that the application of the Question had been postponed, and that the wretch was still ignorant of the sufferings that awaited him.

In this I was deceived. The law had taken its course. The mode and its results shall be told nearly in the words of an eyewitness, whose duty required his presence.

"I proceeded," said my informant, "at nightfall to the prison, and was ushered into the apartment where the officers of justice were assembled. At ten, the appointed hour, the jailer entered, and bowing significantly, indicated that all was ready. A silence, dead as that of the tomb, reigned around. Not a breath—not a step was heard. the sentinels were removed from the passages. The guardians and executioners moved like noiseless spectres. My heart throbbed almost audibly as we followed our conductors through the narrow corridors, lighted only by a faint glimmering lantern, held before the presiding magistrate. At length we reached a narrow but massive portal. Here there was a pause. The jailer applied his ear to the keyhole. The prisoner slept—I envied him not his dreams, still less his waking thoughts. Thereupon the bolts and locks were cautiously drawn back, and the door was thrown open. At this moment the light of three or four dark lanterns was turned upon the recumbent criminal, and the executioner's men darted forward to perform their office.

"Aroused by the sudden light and noise, the wretch started from his straw pallet, dazzled and confused. Staring wildly around, he raised his manacled hands to his brow, as if to collect his senses, gnashed his teeth and groaned. In an instant the officials darted upon him, forced him upon his legs, tore his garments in shreds from his body, drove him naked against the wall, and secured his chains so tightly that neither hand nor foot could move. All this occupied less time than I in narrating it.*

* This first degree of torture was designated (if our memory fail not) the *ausreissen*, or stripping off.

"The *greffier*, now stepping forward, told him that he was to undergo all stages of that torture of which this was the mere preface, and besought him to confess. 'Never! never!—a thousand times never!' replied he, clenching his chain-bound hands; 'though ye tear my flesh as ye have torn my rotten prison garments—never! I know your laws; do your worst, I defy ye!' Remonstrances and menaces proved equally fruitless. Leaving, therefore, the wretch in the hands of the headsman and his assistant, we withdrew to the vaulted chamber prepared for the succeeding work of torture.

"We were not long detained. In a few minutes the prisoner, over whom a coarse watch-coat was loosely thrown, entered with a firm and dauntless air. He had recovered his self possession. First casting his eye scornfully upon the implements of torture, he then gazed at us with a look of utter defiance. I could not forbear admiring him at this moment. He was of middling size, blue-eyed and fair. His light hair hung in flowing curls over his shoulders. His figure was slight but sinewy, and his frame admirably proportioned. You might have expected a heart so hideous to have been enclosed within an unsightly envelope; but the man who stood before us was comely and well favored as a young Antinous.

"I had no further time for consideration. The *greffier*, after reading an extract from the law and the judge's sentence, pointed to the instruments of torture, and urged him to avoid their agony by confession. The only reply he made was a scornful smile as he stretched forth his hands to the executioner.

"A nod was given by the chief official; in a moment his manacles and leg-irons were removed, and he was forced to the side of the wall, against which a ladder was reared.* This he was compelled to mount backward; his wrists were then fastened with cords, about three feet long, to the topmost bar, and heavy weights were attached to his ankles. Another nod was given; his feet were then thrust from their resting-place, and his body dropped and swung suspended by the wrists. These and his shoulders were dislocated, or nearly so; I heard the sinews crack, and had nigh fainted at the sight.

"No sooner was this accomplished, than the assistants sprang forward, lowered the ladder, and would have placed him on his back;

* This was, we think, denominated "The Spanish ladder."

but, agile as a leopard, he sprang up, laughed a hideous laugh, and, crossing his arms, exhibited no other signs of pain than extended nostrils and collapsed jaws. The surgeons forthwith came to his aid. They bandaged his wrists, embrocated his shoulders, gave him water to drink, and then, throwing a cloak over him, left him to repose.

“‘Your mercy is more galling than your torture,’ exclaimed he, after a short pause. ‘Ye may crush my fragile bones, but ye can not bend my iron spirit! To your work, then—devils!’ Again the magistrates admonished and urged him to confess, but he defied them with sneers and oaths.

“It would be painful were I to describe minutely the two next degrees of torture,” continued my informant; “suffice it to say, that the first consisted in twisting leathern ligatures tightly round the arms and thighs, and then smiting the intervening swollen parts with rods, each stroke of which caused the most acute suffering.* The second consisted in a pair of high boots of hard leather, somewhat like those of French postillions. The legs were inserted in these; wedges were then introduced and driven down, until the flesh was miserably bruised. During these operations, not a sigh or groan escaped him; his heaving bosom alone disclosed his physical suffering.

“The magistrates inwardly revolted at witnessing this scene, looked at one another, and would fain have abandoned all further attempts to extract confession; but the law was imperative, and as the criminal evinced no signs of weakness, it was resolved that the last degree should be applied.

“This was the most terrible of all. Imagine a wooden bench, or trough, surmounted by three or four rollers, moved by mechanism, somewhat in the form of a mangle; then conceive the patient’s body placed within this, and the rollers repeatedly and slowly passing backward and forward over his chest and limbs, pressing or crushing them, as an iron roller presses the elastic sward.”†

“Horrible! horrible!” exclaimed I.

“And yet he bore this also with unflinching firmness, until, at last, nature gave way, and he fainted. The surgeons again did their duty;

* This, as well as we can recollect, was called “The Flemish drum.”

† These were denominated (to the best of our recollection) “The devil’s boot,” and “The crushing bench.”

restoratives were applied, and he recovered. But, as confession could not be extracted, nothing remained but to perform the last operation, and to lead him back to his cell."

"The last!" answered I; "surely the wretch could not endure further trials?"

"Listen!" replied my informant. "When the Question fails to extract confession, and the patient has gone through the last degree, it is ordained that he shall be completely shaven from head to foot, the staff of moral life broken over him, and that he shall be carried forth, if possible, upon the following day to the public square, and there exposed and branded previous to perpetual incarceration. The first portion of this ceremony, let me observe, is regarded as the most ignominious and degrading that can befall a malefactor. Indeed, a superstitious dread attends it; for a belief exists among them that he who may be thus treated can not escape a lingering and miserable death on earth, nor the most dreadful and prolonged punishments hereafter.

"The assistants were on the point of carrying this into effect, when, to our surprise, the bandit started back, and exclaimed, 'Pain I can support, more than ye have hearts or power to inflict—but not degradation. Never shall it be said that Hans the headsman performed the barber's duty! I have my honor as well as you! Away, then, with your accursed razors! Give me a bottle of cool wine—my body is scorched; then lead me to my cell, and to-morrow I will confess all.'

"Our astonishment was profound. The dread of moral degradation having proved more powerful than that of bodily suffering, we regretted that we had not been permitted to invert the order of infliction. It would have spared us the fulfilment of an agonizing duty. A short conference now took place between the judges, after which the executioners were dismissed. Stimulants were forthwith administered to the culprit; his limbs and body were carefully attended to; he was reclothed, conducted to his cell, and left to repose. The magistrates then departed, leaving me and the *greffier* to draw up a detailed report of the proceeding. At length, having accomplished our task, we sallied forth and returned on foot toward our homes.

"It was exactly half-past two when we quitted the prison—I mention time, since it more strongly marks the features of this strange

catastrophe. Our road led across the bridge, which connects the two portions of the city. Being feverish, and little disposed to sleep, we leaned upon the balustrade, discussing the past scene. Many seconds had not elapsed, however, ere we heard the splashing of some person, or animal, in the water beneath. The darkness was so profound that we could not distinguish objects ten paces distant; but ere long, a voice calling for succor was distinctly audible, and, at the same moment, three or four figures rushed by us and vanished in the shade. I and my companions having given the alarm, soldiers and watchmen hurried to the spot. Lights were procured, search was made, and ere long we discovered the bandit, immersed up to his chest in the stream, and clinging to one of the iron stanchions affixed to the prison walls. It is needless to say that he was secured, reconducted to the jail, and placed, doubly ironed, in another cell, whence all issue was impracticable.

“His escape from his previous place of confinement was no less surprising than his recapture. On the one hand, the iron bars of his dungeon were of extraordinary thickness, and the aperture so small as to render escape by that means apparently impossible. On the other hand, the waters of the Lahn, although rapid, were shallow, and he might have waded across without the slightest peril. Once upon the bank, he might have baffled all pursuit.

“The account he gave of both was brief and almost inexplicable. ‘I was possessed of files and other tools,’ said he; ‘how I came by them ye shall never know. No sooner was I released from your vile tortures than I set to work. The rusty bars soon yielded to my efforts. The cover of my mattress served me for a rope; my head is small, my body pliable as leather—I could pass through a needle’s eye. But driveller as I am,’ he exclaimed, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, ‘although liberty was within my grasp, and friends awaited me, no sooner did I touch the accursed waters than my limbs seemed paralyzed. Yes! I, whom no torments, no anguish could hitherto daunt—I was seized with womanish dread of being drowned! You know the rest.’ Then gloomily adding, ‘It was foredoomed!—Maledictions upon the sorceress, who told my fortunes when I was yet a boy;—she warned me of the waters.’ He then relapsed into

silence, and we could obtain nothing more from him than an assurance that his confession should be made, as he had promised.

"The shades of night had already yielded to the faint glimmerings of rising dawn, when I issued from the prison. I therefore lost no time in seeking a short repose, it being my duty to attend in the course of four hours to hear the confession."

"The wondrous alternations of fortitude, superstition, pusillanimity, and levity, exhibited by this man exceeds all belief," observed I, interrupting the narrator. "Within half an hour of the time you mention, I heard him carolling as merrily as if he had regained his freedom."

"You will be more surprised at the contradictions in his character when you hear the sequel," answered my friend. "Listen. The magistrates having again assembled at an early hour in the prison council-chamber, orders were given to introduce the bandit. Scarcely, however, had this occurred, ere a turnkey entered and announced his death."

"Which was doubtless the result of the tortures he had endured," replied I.

"You are mistaken," rejoined my friend. "Upon opening his cell he was found a lifeless corpse; but he died by his own hands, in the full possession of all his strength and energies. The very means which had been adopted to secure his safe custody, were employed by him to escape from earthly bondage; he had strangled himself with his chains. His feet and body were found in such a position as to prove that he must have exerted the utmost force and resolution to rob the headsman of his prey."

Such was the account given to me by my learned friend. If the different details which he related were founded on fact, the reader will be as much embarrassed as I was to account for the strange contrasts in the character of the German bandit.

TO MISS ADELIA HOYT.

WRITTEN DURING HER LATE VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.

They say thou hast a spell beyond the powers
Of wit and beauty—that thine eloquent tongue,
Telling for ever of the impassioned wrong
Of thine own bosom, thus controlleth ours.

Then will I ask not why the sudden shade
Is aye upon thy peerless beauty stealing,
Nor if thine eye be of thy heart revealing,
When on its lid the pearly dew is stayed.

Enough for me, that, on that spotless brow,
In cloud or sunshine, sit high-ranging thought,
And conscious pride, with modesty inwrought,
Twin seraphs, ever veiling while they glow!

Enough for me—if not to me denied—
Thy mind's communion: while the better part,
Thy heart—or the sad ruin of thy heart—
Rests with the false one who thy love belied!





THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS CAROLINE HARRIETTE TYNDAL.

I do not love to speak to many, of our poor friend and early play-mate, the Minister's Daughter. There is a sacredness about her sorrow, it has something so almost mysterious in its dispensations, and is borne with a fortitude and a resignation so saintlike, that it seems ever, to me, unfitted for ordinary handling, and language an inappropriate exponent of her mournful tale. A grief like Caroline's should have no other interpreter than the sad and solemn characters which it has written on her still beautiful brow. She never weeps—at least no one sees her weep; and her gentle voice, which from her very childhood had a tone of sadness, is heard by no mortal ears in the language of complaint. What dirgelike music may be uttered in the haunted depths of that wounded spirit, is known only to herself and the angels; but to the world, she speaks always calmly, and even cheerfully, at times. You, who knew Caroline through all her young days, will remember well that, light-hearted as that sweet child was, there was even then, at times, a sort of shadow on her brow—an air of thought not natural, and infinitely touching, in one so young. As she grew toward womanhood, the shadow became permanent, without deepening; and the graceful girl, with her long fair hair, and somewhat antique fashion of dress, gave us both the impression of one predestinated to suffer.

"She was of those whose very morn
Gives some dark hint of night,
And in her eye, too soon, was born
A sad and softened light;
And on her brow youth set the seal
Which years, upon her brain
Confirmed too well—and they who feel
May scarcely weep again."

Seated, amid the shadows of a summer evening, in the old study which her father had fitted up as a boudoir, for her who was all the treasure that time had left him—ministered to by the breath of the jasmine and the fragrance of the rose—I have gazed, at times, on the unconscious girl, when, to my excited imagination, there was something almost apocalyptic in her look, till, as I stepped in upon her, the spirit of prophecy seemed lifted from her forehead before a smile of welcome that made her face like the face of an archangel. Oh! those happy days! for Caroline was happy then; and the seeming cloud on her brow (for it had not yet reached her heart) was but the shadow flung from that approaching destiny which has since alighted. I can not, therefore, speak of the Minister's Daughter to every one: but to you, who knew and loved her as I did myself, I will, at length, fulfil the promise so often made, and narrate the incidents which finally darkened her spirit, for all the remainder of its earthly pilgrimage.

The early pleasures and early trials of the Minister's Daughter are as well known to yourself as to me; and you remember well how rich a volume the sibyl Hope presented to Caroline, when she first emerged from childhood. Year after year tore away some portion of that charm; and the perished leaves but enhanced the value to her heart of those that remained. You remember how, each after the other, her sisters were laid beneath the old trees in the church-yard; and the channels in which her young affections had been accustomed to run, were, one by one, thrown back into the deep well of her spirit, there to seek fresh outlets, or make her heart a waste. Then, her mother, weary with her long separation from those who were to return to her no more, went forth to them—and was laid in a grave by their side. From that day, Caroline was a child no more—at least, she never again looked like one: and her father, the kind-hearted minister, old in heart, though in the vigor of his years, had now but herself to remind him of all that he had lost, and inherit the accumulated treasure of love which had reverted to his spirit from the cluster of graves in the neighboring church-yard. And then came happier times to Caroline; and her heart found fresh issues.

You remember George P * * * *—the playdays of the young cousins—their joint studies—their young attachment—their mature

love. You were a witness to the growth of that hallowed and hallowing love, amid the fond and smiling approval of all who had an interest in the youthful pair. Those were Caroline's sunny days!—when the memory of her childish griefs had taken a tone in which its indulgence had a charm for her heart, and she seemed, in the bright prospect which was opening up around her, to have emerged from the destiny that had overhung her like a prophecy! Something, however, of her later sorrows, I believe you know; for you had not gone forth from among us, when her new and final trials began. You remember George's departure for the university, and the rumors that reached our quiet village, and the hearts that loved him there, of his surrender to the temptations by which he was surrounded.

You saw the gradual coming up of that cloud, from the day when it was “no bigger than a man's hand,” till it had overspread the entire heaven of that hope in which the minister and his daughter had been blest, and shut out the sunshine from poor Caroline's heart. You know that, when George left college, and flung himself into the vortex of New-York dissipation, instead of returning to the fond and forgiving hearts that awaited him at home, his reckless career of extravagance had involved the fortunes and bowed down the spirit of his father. But the sequel of that painful story, you know not—and that I am now to relate to you.

It was in Caroline's boudoir, and amid the deepening shadows of an autumn eve, that the minister and his daughter spoke together, for the last time, of George P * * * *. The old man had marked the sufferings of his child, in her pale and wasted cheek; and, in his earnest desire for her happiness, and with something like a hope that the nobler qualities of her lover might yet come out clear from the shadows by which they were, for the moment, darkened, had forborne to add to her distress, by any comments on the conduct of him to whom she was betrothed. But the profligate student had forgotten the hearts that yearned toward him, amid all his follies; and tidings of his excesses had reached the village, which robbed the minister of his last hope, and made it incumbent on him to dissolve the ill-omened connexion, for the sake of his daughter's peace. In that solemn interview, he exacted a promise from Caroline—given with many tears, but unhesitatingly given—that she would consider the

engagement between herself and her cousin as cancelled : and as he kissed her cheek, and bade adieu to her for the night, the poor girl felt that, but for her father, she was, once more, alone in the world. Never had she felt so desolate till that hour ; but the morning was to bring a yet deeper desolation to her breast. That night took from her the last heart to which hers clung ; for, amid its shadows, the minister had passed away—almost direct, as it seemed, from that painful interview with his sole surviving child—to the presence of those whom he had mourned so deeply and lost so long !

Months passed over the head of the bereaved girl, cheered by no incident save the universal sympathy which her orphan condition and unvarying sweetness won for her. The new minister, whose family was large, had supplied himself with a more commodious residence than the one in which Caroline lived, and which was parish property ; and an arrangement had been made, which left her, with her nurse, in possession of the home which had been the scene of all her hopes, and was now for her “the house of memory.” Tidings had, indeed, been received of her former lover, which, no doubt, brought consolation with them—though, after the pledge given to her father within the immediate shadow of his grave, they could no longer bring hope. His naturally noble mind had awakened from its demoralizing dream ; and the energies of a spirit “finely tuned” had directed themselves, at length, to those “fine issues” which were its natural result. His soul had shaken off the foul mists by which its clearer perceptions had been, for a time, so fatally obscured ; and, amid the sweet and sacred images that came gliding back into his purified heart, came, first and sweetest of them all, the vision of the Minister’s Daughter. Then it was, that he learned the vow which had come between their hearts—and knew that he and Caroline were separated by the solemn shadows of the minister’s grave. In the strength of his redeemed and penitent spirit, he bowed his head to the dispensation which he felt that he had himself provoked ; and lent himself manfully to arrangements in his favor which were making by his friends—and which resulted in once more opening up to him the path to fortune, though far away from the scenes alike of his early hopes and recent faults. Under circumstances of peculiar promise, he was invited to join a house in the East-India trade, upon condition that he took up

his residence in Calcutta, and in a few weeks the seas were to ratify that separation between George P * * * *, and the Minister's Daughter, which, in her mind, was already consecrated by the grave of her father.

I have said that Caroline seldom weeps: but many and bitter, in those days, were the tears shed by the solitary girl. It was on a winter's evening, in one of those moments when her spirit was weakened by the sense of its utter desolation, that the window of the old study was opened from the garden, and George P * * * * stood, once more, in the presence of the Minister's Daughter. The buoyant youth of sixteen was changed into a pale and wasted man; and he had come to take the words of forgiveness from the lips of Caroline, ere he parted from her for ever. No one saw their interview; but the old nurse heard the murmur of voices in the boudoir, and the sound of deep and passionate sobbing. What passed between them is known but to God and themselves—save by its result; and that result was what might have been anticipated from such an interview. What could be expected from two young beings, thus thrown together in the scene of ancient recollections, under circumstances so affecting, and linked together by the old tie which was the only one that time had left—at least to Caroline? How was the orphan girl to be proof against the passionate pleading of the only heart which still beat in unison with her own? George had the art to persuade his mistress that the promise exacted by her father, in the prospect of his follies, would assuredly have been cancelled in favor of his repentance; and that, if the minister were with them that evening, in the study where they had so often sat together, he would not have stood between his child and the returning penitent, whom she still loved. Caroline's reason and heart alike told her that this was indeed so: and ere the lovers parted on that night, they were once more betrothed. The friends who immediately presided over the fortunes of the orphan, entirely approved of the spirit in which her promise to her father had been read, and gladly ratified the contract which once more opened up a prospect of happiness to her bruised spirit. It was agreed that George should depart for Calcutta, alone: and, as soon as the success of his speculations had been ascertained, and arrangements made for her reception, that Caroline should follow, and

become his wife. There were many in the village, however—where Caroline was beloved of all—who looked on this engagement with uneasiness; and prophesied that no good could come of a contract founded on a breach of promise to the dead.

And, almost from the first, it seemed as if these forebodings were about to be realized. The ship in which George had taken his passage for India had sailed many months, yet no tidings of it reached his friends. Week after week of anxious suspense passed away, and the ill-fated girl drooped and faded before this new trial of the heart. At length, however, when the time which had elapsed left no hope in the minds of all others, the spirits of the orphan rallied, under some mysterious impulse, and hope came back to her heart, and bloom to her cheek. Her friends looked on uneasily; for she was obviously sustained by some delusion, and this “hoping against hope” argued an unsoundness of judgment, at which they trembled, but could not wonder. Strange and poetic fancies kept the poor girl happy, through that trying time. Dreams of enchanted islands, at which the ship had, perhaps, cast anchor, wooed by their wondrous beauty—visions of unknown continents, which the crew might have turned aside to explore—accounted to her for the long delay. Then, there were times when her fancies took a more sober tone, and drew their solutions of her lover’s silence from something more like realities. But, amid them all, it never occurred to her to doubt that he would, one day, come back. He might have been shipwrecked, or taken by pirates—but his return was a portion of all her speculations—long after his friends had mourned him as dead! And, for this once, fortune was in alliance with her heart. When all who had hopes embarked in that vessel, save herself alone, had laid them in their graves, came letters, announcing George’s arrival at Calcutta. The vessel had been driven far to the southward, by a long prevalence of adverse winds; and regained her course when famine had nearly deprived the crew and passengers of all power to avail themselves of the more auspicious weather. Caroline received the news without any surprise—as what she had long expected: but, in the presence of her assured hopes, her tottering mind gradually regained its natural tone. And then came fresh tidings, announcing George’s success;

and Caroline set sail for the East-Indies, to be, at length, united to the lover of her youth.

The weather was stormy enough, until the ship, in which she and her hopes were embarked, had reached the tropic latitudes; and, in the excitement of the novel scenes by which she was surrounded, Caroline's thoughts were diverted from dwelling much either on her past sorrows or her future prospects. But when the weather lulled, and a succession of calms and light breezes succeeded to the noise and bustle of fresh gales and heavy seas, a sort of tender melancholy stole over the spirit of the lonely girl. Amid the vast solitudes of the ocean—cut off from all old familiar ties—the sense of her orphaned condition came heavily to her heart; and though she strove to look forward to that happiness of which she was sailing in search, yet she had been too long the victim of disappointment, to be altogether successful in her strife against that feeling of foreboding, so naturally born of the waste of waters and the torpid air.

It was one evening, after a day of more than usual depression, that Caroline descended to her cabin, in order to seek in sleep a refuge from the heaviness of spirit which she had vainly endeavored to shake off. She sat long at her window, watching the shadows gradually steal over the world of waters by which she was surrounded; and flung herself, at length, upon her bed, weary in spirit and heavy at heart. But her slumbers were unrefreshing, and her dreams disturbed: and, after a troubled sleep, of she could not guess how long, she found herself suddenly awake. Her face was hid in the bed-clothes; and a vague and undefinable terror was upon her, which made her flesh creep, and chilled the blood within her veins. Cold drops of perspiration stood on her forehead, and her heart fainted, as the heart of one who stands in the presence of a disembodied spirit! She lay for some moments in this mortal trance; and then, with a presence of mind marvellous in one whose pulse stood still with fear, she argued herself into the conviction that she was under the impression of a nightmare: and raising her head by a convulsive effort, looked forth into the cabin. The moon shone clear into the small chamber; and between her bed and the narrow window by which it gained entrance—in the direct path of its rays—stood the pale face and wasted form of George P * * * *. The moon-

light fell around him, like a mantle ; and the eyes which had never before turned on her without the expression of love, were fixed on hers with a look of calm and passionless repose. With a loud scream, she buried her face, again, within the bed-clothes ; and lay, she knew not how long, in the sleep of insensibility. When consciousness returned, and she, once more, ventured to look up, the apparition was gone, and the moonlight fell unintercepted on her bed. With a feeling like that of approaching death, she rose from her couch ; and flinging a cloak over her shoulders, ascended to the deck.

It was a beautiful, but melancholy night. The moon glided, spectre-like, through the cloudless heaven ; and flung, from her nearly full orb, upon the slumbering waters, that pale and mournful light which the young and crescent planet never sheds. The ship floated through the waters, before a breath so faint as to be scarcely perceptible, save from the creeping motion which it communicated ; and, standing on the same tack with themselves, though all but motionless, the yards and shrouds of another ship rose right between her line of vision and the wan moon. Most of the canvass had been taken in ; and the two vessels were evidently standing under easy sail for the purposes of communication with each other. As Caroline gazed upon the spars and cordage, with all their tracery defined in the pale moonlight, the strange vessel appeared to her excited imagination like a spectre-ship ; and the same mysterious sense of terror crept to her heart, that had chilled its life-blood in the cabin which she had left ! But the night-air revived her—and her fear passed away—and a sensation of exceeding tenderness and melancholy took its place. The phantoms of her mother and her sisters passed through her heart, and the echoes of old familiar voices floated to her ear ; and it seemed to her as if her destiny were accomplished, and she were beckoned, by invisible hands, on board the spirit-ship that lay white before her, in the moonbeams. She sat on the poop of the vessel, and watched the strange craft that appeared to her heart like some mystery which it was bound to solve ; till, letters having been exchanged between the ships, the object of her trance-like interest spread its wings, and glided slowly away through the moonlight. Never before had the lonely girl felt *so* lone. What was that strange ship to her, that her spirit so yearned toward it, and her heart so died

within her to see it depart? All night, she fancied that she heard the sound of wings that went and came between the ships; and when, at length, in the gray of the morning, the stranger faded off into the distance, it seemed to her as if the spectre-ship had vanished away into some sea-grave.

That night at sea it was which left on the forehead of the Minister's Daughter, the solemn characters whose interpretation you have so often sought from me! The tale is soon told. When Caroline reached Calcutta, there was no one expecting her, and no one to meet her. Three days after the date of his letter, summoning over his bride, her lover had been seized with the fever of the country, and carried off in a few hours. In writing to Caroline, he had recommended her to come out by a vessel which was to sail some months later than that in which, for reasons of convenience, her friends had secured her passage. She was not, therefore, expected so soon; and when he knew that he was dying, he had made it his earnest request that he might be sent home to lie near her, in the old church-yard. His body was conveyed to New-York, in the vessel which had exchanged letters with the ship on board of which was the Minister's Daughter: and thus had they two met, for the last time, amid the moonlight solitudes of the sea.

This it is that has weighed more heavily on Caroline than all her sorrows besides. Never has she consoled herself for having misunderstood the warnings of her heart, in that last unconscious meeting, and passed forward to India, in search of happiness, while her lover was travelling homeward to his grave. The strangeness of that meeting—strange enough even to you and me, who are but unimpassioned listeners to the narration of an incident so singularly wild—has haunted her heart, like some high and solemn mystery: and it can scarcely surprise you to learn that the poor girl's mind is indelibly impressed with the reality of a visitation from her lover, in her cabin, while the two ships were in company. There are some circumstances, so striking in themselves and so strange in their combination, that it would be worse than idle to argue against the convictions which they leave behind, in the troubled spirits they assail. Caroline returned to her native land, and has resided since amid the friends to whom her story is known, and beside the graves

of her perished hopes : and the memories of that night, acting upon a heart which time has once more tuned to all its early sweetness, have made her the intensely interesting and strangely beautiful being you now see her.

THE EMPEROR AND THE ALCHEMIST,
OR THE GRANDNEPHEW OF FAUST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

"EVERYTHING, yes, everything is possible with the children of Hermes, who possess an uncorrupt heart. What secrets have I not discovered with your aid, oh, incomparable Faust ! oh, learned Raymond Lully ! oh, mighty Nicholas Flamel ! Am I ignorant of the composition of the miraculous water which bestows youth and everlasting health ? What recipe is unknown to me ? Have I not the dangerous talent of transforming the baser metals into gold ? Come, then, let us see ; to work again, with the skill I ought to have attained. The Romans were not incapable of rendering brass flexible ! And I am to be arrested by this vile clay ! I ? I, Gottlieb ? I, the grandnephew of Faust ? No, I will discover it !"

You would have seen of a certain stormy night, in a solitary house situated in the most unfrequented street of Vienna, a man in the prime of youth, richly clad in a black velvet vest, embroidered with Arabian characters of gold, with a cap of the same material, surmounted by a red plume attached with a clasp of emeralds, his sleeves drawn up, a leathern apron on, his feet enclosed in stout buckskin slippers ; you would have seen this man, a learned alchemist, devotedly attached to the grand art, armed with an iron tube, stirring and mixing together in a burning crucible a preparation of sand, vermilion, and fern, yielding to the intense heat which surrounded them.

"Nothing is more simple than this," said he, suspending the extremity of the tube, into which he blew a drop of this flaming liquid "here is glass—glass, productive of nothing, it is true, yet it is glass

Let us see now if the powerful poisons, if the less common alkalis, will not conduct me to the lofty end I anticipate!" Then, adding to the mixture already in ebullition an unknown preparation, he followed with anxious looks the bubbles of this hazardous manipulation. Suddenly he stopped. Full of despair, he violently agitated the antimony and bismuth, blew again through the tube, and finding then that he had produced a hard, transparent, and malleable substance, he expressed, in the words of Archimedes, his noble enthusiasm: "I have discovered it!"

* * * *

The Emperor Joseph II., as everybody knew, delighted much in playing the incognito. He had fallen in many times, in nocturnal wanderings, with very singular adventures; sometimes agreeable enough, at other times perilous. One of these latter conducted him, through a pelting storm, into a street far distant from his palace. Alone, in the middle of the night, he had just escaped from a band of a fraternity, playing the incognito, minus his purse, watch, weapons, and cloak. Perceiving through the obscurity, in spite of the well-closed blinds of a small, new house, a brilliant light, he directed his course toward it, and rapping loudly with the brass knocker against the oaken door, awaited a reply to his summons.

"Who is there?"

"Open, in the name of the emperor!"

His imperial majesty had sufficient time to be thoroughly drenched, for some minutes elapsed ere a genteel youth, a drawn sword in the one hand and a flambeau in the other, like Don Juan before the statue of the commander, came and opened to him.

"Who are you?"

"An officer of Joseph II. I crave an asylum. I have been stopped by three wretches, who left me in the plight which you now see."

"Yes, your aspect bears you out; provided you be not one of them, perhaps."

"How could you think?"

"Why deceive me?" said the suspicious fellow, approaching the light to the face of Joseph. "You are the emperor! I know your majesty. Suffer me to enjoy the honor of receiving you into my modest domicil. Walk in, sire; you are with a faithful subject." Then, having carefully shut the door, he added: "Now, I declare, the arri-

val of your majesty is quite apropos, since I have an interesting secret to communicate."

"What?"

"Come, sire, repose yourself a while; we will then converse—if your majesty will permit."

The emperor, dissatisfied at being recognised, followed his guide with a prudent step and serious air. He was astonished at the elegant *recherché* of the apartments. Many objects of art and curiosity were totally unknown to him. He admired the paintings, the statues, and the sumptuous furniture glittering in silk and gold, and was surprised at the common use to which this precious metal was perverted; but, what astonished him still more, was the costly dress which the owner of this abode brought him, and which he assisted in arraying him with at the side of a blazing forge.

"Accept a draught of this beverage, sire. 'Tis the elixir of Aristée. You will find it very refreshing, sire."

Having quaffed this nectar, which both reanimated and revived him, assured by the touching proofs of hospitality, the emperor stretched himself out at his ease in a capacious arm-chair which his host tendered him, and signifying to him also to be seated, he conversed with him undisguisedly.

"All which I have now told you is true, excepting my name, which I would have concealed from you. In short, I am Joseph II. I return you my sincere thanks for the hospitable reception you have afforded me. You have a matter of importance to disclose to me, you say. One can not be more favorably disposed to listen to you than I am; speak."

"Sire, you are at the house of the grandnephew of Faust."

"What!" exclaimed the emperor, starting up, "you are Gottlieb Faust! the scouted—the bloody—he whom they accuse of impiety, of sorcery!"

"Gottlieb Faust himself, sire."

"Know you that I have been solicited twenty times to order your arrest?"

"There are so many fools!"

"To sign your condemnation?"

"So many blockheads!"

"You know it?"

"Yes, sire, and I also know that your majesty, more enlightened than the ignoramuses and envious persons which surround you, have never credited the silly accusations brought against me."

"No, certainly," replied Joseph. "Yet, without an honorable employment, without patrimony, disdaining to make useful the rare talents you possess in the sciences and liberal arts, you lead an easy life, surrounded with every comfort. Everything here breathes of opulence and taste. By what means——?"

"Sire," said Gottlieb, "with such a prince as you, one can speak unreservedly. Everything in me and in my house are extraordinary; but there is nothing supernatural. That which the Deity conceals from ordinary individuals, he divulges to enlightened souls. I know the great work; I possess the philosopher's stone. I have gold—gold—always gold. With gold, the wise man enjoys himself. The fool abuses it, and perishes. Pass into my laboratory; it is yet warm from the effects of a new discovery, curious and wonderful. I had attained the certitude at the instant you knocked at my door. Follow me, sire; you shall become acquainted with it."

Joseph entered the workshop: the fire was not yet extinct.

"Previous to learning you my secret, I wish you to judge of the real power of science. Sire, take this saffron-colored powder. Throw a pinch of it upon this common metal, already rendered liquid by the little remaining fire. 'Tis well! This, then, is gold; the sun, the king of metals! Keep that wedge; ask to-morrow of the crown jeweller if it be free from alloy. This vial contains more gold than perhaps the mint; it is at your service. Your finances are at rather a low ebb; make use of it, sire: you may believe me. But now come with me to that which is dearer to me than gold."

Upon a marble slab the emperor perceived a crystal vase, brilliant and transparent. Gottlieb placed it within the hands of Joseph.

"Sire, here is the miraculous fruit of my secret labors: the cares, the vigils, the researches of two years!"

"What! this piece of glass?"

"The same, sire."

"But our manufacturers in Bohemia——"

"Can not produce the like," said the alchemist with a disdainful smile.

"To convince yourself, it but suffices to examine it attentively."

"I see nothing extraordinary about it."

"No? Well! throw it down upon the flags of this chamber."

"But," said the emperor, "it will be dashed into fragments."

"Throw it down! Good! I now pick it up. It is entire, uninjured. You see, in place of being broken, like ordinary glass, it is but slightly indented. Take this large hammer, strike it yourself upon the bent side, in the interior, there. A few more strokes. Very well. Having then yourself restored this vase to its original shape, you now learn for certain, that Gottlieb Faust, the impious Gottlieb the sorcerer, has divined, contrived, and discovered the wonderful secret to render glass malleable. A mortal creates an imperishable matter, eternal! What glory, what honor to me! What do you think, sire?" added Gottlieb, with a joyful air.

"That you must for ever abandon this admirable secret—for ever! You must, I tell you."

"But, sire——"

"I command!"

And profiting by the sudden check which this unexpected reply had occasioned, the emperor snatched down a sword from the wall, darted out, and opening the door, exclaimed: "Gottlieb Faust, the day is dawning. I depart. Silence, till we meet again. *Your* days are numbered!"

"Well, my dear baron, is it true that his gracious majesty has issued an order for the arrest of that miscreant Faust?"

"Yes, count, they conducted the rascal to the palace this morning."

"I hope he will be burnt alive!" added a third.

"But what crime has he committed?" chimed in an elegant noble of Thuringia.

"How! what crime has he committed? He's a villain, a blasphemer, an atheist! he vomits gold!"

"Where does he obtain it?"

"Nobody knows. No doubt but he is plotting against the state. He has associates. He throws charms around the young women."

"He has seduced my mistress," said old Ohnestark. "Hang him, I say. We will all witness his execution!"

It was after this fashion that some worthy German nobles were conversing in the palace of Schoenbrunn, brave, but ignorant fellows,

whose type has scarcely changed even at this date, in some of the very small and retired towns in Germany.

Early in the morning, in good earnest, the abode of Faust had been entered, and himself conducted to the palace. A crowd of spectators, idle and unfortunate, who had been succored and relieved by him at various times, followed in tears and murmurs the soldiers who formed his escort. Arrived at the palace, he was immediately introduced into the cabinet of Joseph II.

The emperor, taking him by the hand, thus addressed him : " Gottlieb, I shall never forget what you have done for me. I admire your talents ; and more, I accept your generous succor, of which my treasury stands in great need. The emperor, in acknowledgment, confers on you nobility. Receive this cross of Maria Theresa, and the title of count of Faustenburg, more acceptable than gold, which you can so easily procure. As regards your wonderful discovery, our word will suffice to convince you of the necessity for renouncing it. Be calm, and listen to me. One of the greatest revenues of the state, one of the principal resources of Bohemia, is the manufacture of that glass so renowned throughout Europe ; of that crystal, bought up and supplied throughout the empire. Your process once known, adieu to this trade for ever. I can imagine the sacrifice it will cost a man like you, to be obliged to renounce the glorious price of his labors. But the public weal requires it, and it is my duty to exact it. Swear to me, then, to renounce this project"—(and shaking hands with him), " I ask it of you, my dear Faust, I ask it of you as a friend ; I will not command it as a king."

Gottlieb Faust, or rather the count of Faustenburg, was moved, and promised it with tears in his eyes ; and, what is yet more rare, he kept his word.

The courtiers were much amazed at so long a conference, and still more so at the unexpected result. It is almost needless to add that those who were so eager to hang Faust, were the foremost in pressing round and soliciting the friendship of the count of Faustenburg. With the vial of Faust, Joseph II. liquidated the public debt ; and at his death, which occurred soon after, he left the finances of the empire in the most flourishing condition. And this will account for the discovery of malleable glass having fallen into oblivion.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF MISS TYNDAL.

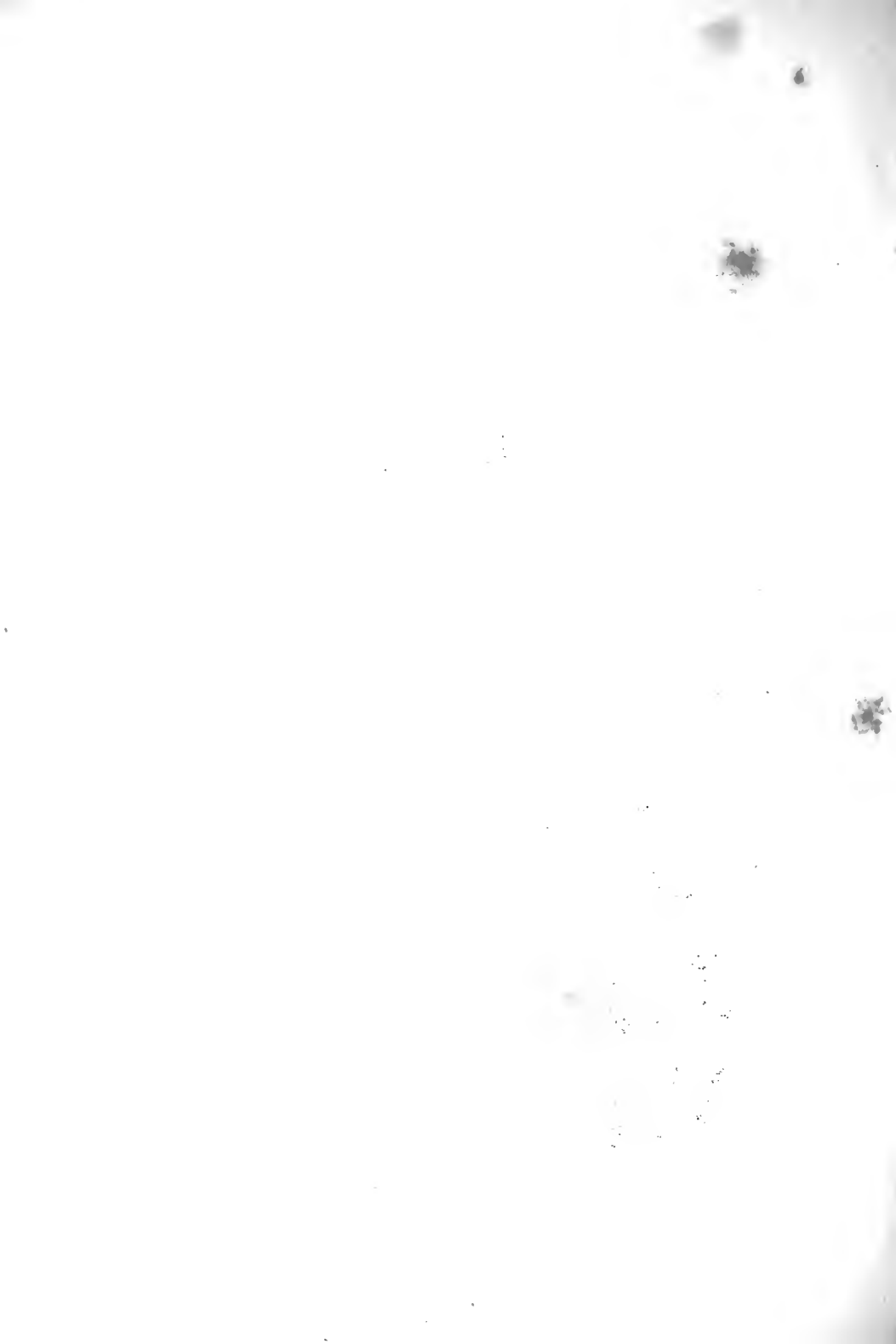
'Tis a glorious thing to gaze upon
A face which Beauty hath made its own,
Where it sitteth as on a regal throne,
In all its native splendor.

Bright, beautiful one! ah! that glad, sweet face,
Indeed hath it made its dwelling-place,
Investing each glance with a nameless grace,
Half arch and yet half tender.

It dwells in the light of that bright blue eye,
On the rosy cheek, on the forehead high,
Some new-found charm we still descry,
No painter e'er could render.

Say, who can gaze on a form so fair,
So bright, so lovely, and then forbear
To pray that with its choicest care,
Kind Heaven may defend her?





THE DEVIL'S HOLLOW.

AN INCIDENT OF REAL LIFE.

IN the town of Catskill, on the Hudson river, there dwelt, some twenty years ago, an attorney of the name of Mason. He was in considerable practice, and had two clerks in his office, whose names were Mansell and Van Buren. In point of ability these young men were nearly on a par, but they differed widely in disposition. Van Buren was cold, close, and somewhat sullen in temper; but in business shrewd, active, and persevering. Mansell, although assiduous in his duties, was of a gay temperament; open as the day, generous, confiding, and free.

Mason, without being absolutely dishonest, was what is called a keen lawyer, his practice being somewhat of the sharpest; and as the disposition of his elder clerk, Van Buren, assimilated, in many respects, to his own, he was a great favorite—more intimately in his confidence, and usually employed in those *delicate* matters which sometimes occur in an attorney's business, and in which the straightforward honesty of Mansell might rather hinder than help.

Mason had a niece who, he being a bachelor, lived with him in the capacity of housekeeper. She was a lively, sensitive, and clever girl—very pretty, if not positively handsome. She had the grace of a sylph, and the step of a fawn. It was quite natural that such a maiden should be an object of interest to two young men living under the same roof—and by no means a matter of astonishment that one or both of them should fall in love with her; and both of them did. But, as the young lady had but one heart, she could not return the love of each. It is scarcely necessary to say that, in making her election, the choice fell upon Edward Mansell, greatly to the chagrin of his rival, and to the annoyance of Mason, who would have been better pleased to have found Van Buren the favored suiter. How-

ever, Mansell was the chosen lover, and Mason could not alter the case by argument ; nor was he disposed to send away his niece, who was, in some measure, essential to his domestic comfort—and, moreover, he loved her as much as he could love anything. Matters went on in this way for some time ; a great deal of bitterness and rancor being displayed by Mason and Van Buren on the one hand ; while Kate and Edward Mansell found, in the interviews they occasionally enjoyed, more than compensation for the annoyance to which they were necessarily exposed.

It happened, at the time when Edward's engagement was within a month of its expiration, that Mason had received a sum of money, as agent for another party, amounting to nearly three thousand dollars, of which the greater portion was in gold coin. As the money could not conveniently be disposed of until the following day, it was deposited in a tin box in the iron safe, the key of which was always in the custody of Mansell. Soon after he received the charge, Van Buren quitted the office for a short time, and in the interim an application from a client rendered it necessary for Mansell to go up to the courthouse. Having despatched his business at the hall, he returned with all expedition, and in due time he took the key of the safe from his drawer to deposite therein as usual the valuable papers of the office over night—when, to his inconceivable horror, he discovered that the treasure was gone !

He rushed down stairs, and meeting Van Buren, communicated the unfortunate circumstance. He in turn expressed his astonishment in strong terms, and, indeed, exhibited something like sympathy in his brother clerk's misfortune. Every search was made about the premises, and information given to the nearest magistrate ; but, as Mason was from home, and would not return until the next day, little else could be done. Edward passed a night of intense agony—nor were the feelings of Kate more enviable. Mason returned some hours earlier than was expected, sent immediately for Van Buren, and was closeted with him for a long time.

Mansell, utterly incapacitated by the overwhelming calamity which had befallen him, from attending to his duties, was walking, ignorant of Mason's return, when Kate came, or rather flew toward him, and exclaimed, " Oh, Edward, my uncle has applied for a warrant to ap-

prehend you ; and, innocent though I know you to be, that fiend in human form, Van Buren, has wound such a web around you that I dread the worst. I have not time to explain ; fly instantly, and meet me, at nightfall, in the *Devil's Hollow*, when I will tell you all."

Mansell, scarcely knowing what he did, rushed out of the garden, and through some fields ; nor did he stop until he found himself out of sight of the town, on the banks of the river. Then, for the first time, he repented of having listened to the well-meant but unwise counsel of his dear Kate. But the step was taken, and he could not retrace it now. He proceeded until he arrived at a thick grove, in the neighborhood of the *Devil's Hollow*, where he lay hid until night closed upon him.

He then approached a dark opening in which was a deep hollow, which had acquired a celebrity from its having been the scene of a murder some years before, and hence was an object of such superstitious awe to the farmers of the vicinity, that he was considered a bold man who would venture there after nightfall. This, doubtless, had influenced Kate in her choice of such a place for their meeting, inasmuch as they would be secure from interruption.

Mansell returned and still lingered on the skirt of the grove, until the sound of a light footstep on the gravelled path which led to the place, announced the approach of the loved being whom he felt he was about to meet for the last time. The poor girl could not speak a word when they met, but, bowing her head upon his shoulder, burst into a flood of passionate tears. By degrees she became more calm, and then detailed to him a conversation that she had overheard between Van Buren and her uncle ; and gathered thence that the former had succeeded in convincing Mason of Edward's guilt, by an artful combination of facts, which would have made out a *prima facie* case against the accused—the most formidable one being the finding of a considerable sum, in specie, in Mansell's trunk. Knowing that he could not satisfactorily account for the possession of this money, without the evidence of a near relative who had departed for Europe a week before, and whose address was unknown, and return uncertain, Edward, to avoid the horror and disgrace of lying in the county prison in the intermediate time, resolved on evading the officers of

justice, until he could surrender himself, with the proofs of his innocence in his hands.

The moon had now risen above the hill which bounded the prospect, and warned the heart-broken lovers that it was time to separate. "And now," said he, "dearest, I leave you, with the brand of 'thief' upon my fair name, to be hunted like a beast of prey, from one hiding-place to another. But, oh, my Kate! I bear with me the blessed assurance that there is one being—and that being the best-beloved of my heart—who knows me to be innocent; and that thought shall comfort me."

"A remarkably pretty speech, and well delivered!" exclaimed a voice, which caused the youthful pair to start, and turn their eyes in the direction whence it proceeded, when, from behind a decayed and solitary tree that grew in the Hollow, a tall figure, wrapped in an ample cloak, advanced toward them. The place, as we have already noticed, had an evil reputation; and, although Edward and his companion were, of course, free from the superstitious fears which characterized the country people, an undefinable feeling stole over them, as they gazed upon the tall form before them.

Mansell, however, soon recovered himself, and told the stranger that, whoever he was, it ill became him to overhear conversation which was not intended for other ears than their own.

"Nay," was the rejoinder, "be not angry with me; perhaps you may have reason to rejoice in my presence, since, being in possession of the story of your grief, it may be in my power to alleviate it. I have assisted men in greater straits."

Edward did not like the last sentence, nor the tone in which it was uttered; but he said, "I see not how you can help me; you can not give me a clue by which to find the box."

"Yes, here is a *clue*!" replied the other, as he held forth about three yards of strong cord, "here is a line; go to the river at a point exactly opposite the old hollow oak; wade out in a straight line until you find the box; attach one end of the cord to the box and the other to a stout cork—but remove it not yet."

Mansell, whether he really believed himself to be in the presence of the Evil One, or that the word was merely expressive of surprise, we know not, exclaimed, "The Devil!"

The stranger took the compliment, and acknowledging it with a bow, said, "The tin box which you have been accused of stealing, is at the bottom of the river, and you will find that I have said no more than the truth."

Mansell hesitated no longer, but accompanied the stranger to the spot, and in a few minutes, the box, sealed as when he last saw it, was again in his possession. He looked from the treasure to the stranger, and at last said, "I owe you more than life; for, in regaining this, I shall recover my good name, which has been foully traduced."

He was proceeding toward the shore, when the other cried:

"Stop, young gentleman! not quite so fast; just fasten your cord to it, and replace it where you found it, if you please." Edward stared, but the stranger continued: "Were you to take that box back to your employer, think you that you would produce any other conviction on him than that, finding your delinquency discovered, you wished to secure impunity, by restoring the property? We must not only restore the treasure, but convict the thief. Hush! I hear a footfall." As he spoke, he took the box from Edward, who now saw his meaning, fastened the cord to it, and it was again lowered to the bottom of the river, and the cork on the other end of the cord was swinging down with the tide. "Now, follow me in silence," whispered the stranger, and the three retired and hid themselves behind the huge trunk of the tree, whence, by the light of the moon, they beheld a figure approach the water, looking cautiously around him.

"That is the thief," said the stranger, in a low voice, in Edward's ear. "I saw him, last night, throw something into the river, and, when he was gone, I took the liberty of raising it up; when, expecting that he would return and remove his booty, I replaced it, and had been unsuccessfully watching the place just before I met you in the Hollow."

By this time the man had reached the river's brink, and, after groping for some time through the water, he found the box, but started back in astonishment on seeing a long cord attached to it. His back was turned from the witnesses of the transaction, so that Edward and the stranger had got him securely by the collar before he could make any attempt to escape. The surprise of Mansell and

Kate may be more easily conceived than painted, when, as the moon-beam fell on the face of the culprit, they recognised the features of Van Buren, his fellow-clerk.

Our limits will not allow of our saying more than that Mansell's character was cleared ; while Van Buren, whom Mason, for reasons confined to his own bosom, refrained from prosecuting, quitted the town in merited disgrace. The stranger proved to be a gentleman of large landed property in the neighborhood, which he had now visited for the first time in many years, and, having been interested in the young pair whom he had so opportunely delivered from tribulation, he subsequently appointed Mansell his man of business, and thus laid the foundation of his prosperity. It is almost needless to add, that Kate, who had so long shared his heart, became his wife, and shared his good fortune.

ENVY AND CANDOR.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO YOUNG LADIES.

ENVY. What do you think of this Miss H. that is come among us ?

CANDOR. I think her a very beautiful, elegant, and accomplished young woman.

ENVY. That I am convinced is precisely her own opinion.

CANDOR. I am at a loss to know how you come to be convinced, from her manner or conversation, that she thinks so highly of herself.

ENVY. O, it is quite evident the men have turned the girl's head ; they tell every woman, as you know very well, my dear, that she is elegant, beautiful, and accomplished.

CANDOR. It is not then surprising that they should hold the same language to Miss H., whom they must think so in the highest degree. Don't you remember how all the gentlemen were in her praise ?

ENVY. Well, for my part, I do not think the men half so good judges of female beauty as the women. Miss H. has too great a quantity of hair, considering how small her head is.

CANDOR. What fault do you find with her person ?

ENVY. She is too tall.

CANDOR. She is not above an inch taller than yourself.

ENVY. I do not pretend to say she is a *great deal* too tall.

CANDOR. Can you pretend to say she is too short ?

ENVY. She is neither one thing nor the other ; one does not know what to make of her.

CANDOR. That settles the point of her height ; let us now proceed to her face. Do you not find something very engaging in her countenance ?

ENVY. Engaging, do you call it ?

CANDOR. Yes, I call it engaging. What do you call it ?

ENVY. She is apt, indeed, to smile ; but that is to show her teeth.

CANDOR. She would not smile for that purpose, however, unless she had good fine teeth ; and they are certainly the finest I ever saw.

ENVY. What signifies teeth ?

CANDOR. Well, let us come to her eyes. What do you think of them ?

ENVY. They are not black.

CANDOR. No ; but they are the sweetest blue in nature.

ENVY. Blue eyes have been long out of fashion ; black are now all the mode.

CANDOR. Blue ones are coming round again ; for those of Miss H. are much admired.

ENVY. Her fortune would procure her admirers among the men, although she had no eyes at all.

CANDOR. That stroke lights entirely on the men, and misses the person against whom it was aimed.

ENVY. Aimed ! I have no ill-will against Miss H.

CANDOR. I am glad to hear it.

ENVY. Lord ! not I ; why should I ?

CANDOR. I am sure I can not tell.

ENVY. She never did me any injury.

CANDOR. I was afraid she had.

ENVY. No, not in the least, that I know of. I dare say she is a good enough sort of a girl ; but as for beauty, her pretensions to that are very moderate indeed.

TO MISS SPALDING.

BY E. T.

THOU art beautiful, young lady! On thy cheek
Glow the rich brown of fair Italia's girls,
And the dark tresses shade thy forehead meek,
In glossy curls,
Like raven's wings spread on a cask of pearls.

And 'neath the dark-arched brow thy soft eyes glow,
Like stellar gems that spangle night's blue throne;
And from thy rose-like lips thy accents flow,
In a soft tone,
Calypso and her nymphs might fancy for their own.

Thy sylph-like step, and the high spiritual air,
Bespeak the presence of a noble mind;
And thy calm face a soul devoid of care,
Where lie enshrined,
Like costly gems, virtue and truth combined.

Brightness attend thee, lady; may the founts
Of science quench thy thirstings, and the muse
Lead thee to poesy's enchanted mounts,
And round diffuse
Honors and blessings pure as heav'n's sparkling dews.

As slowly winds the bright meandering stream,
Through landscapes gemmed with forests and with flowers,
Rich as the pictures of a painter's dream,
When fancy's bowers
Are pencilled by the rosy-fingered hours.

So glide thy life through friendship's flow'ry vale,
Bright, beautiful, from storm and tempest free;
Dimpled in smiles by fortune's prosperous gale,
A tranquil sea,
Bound to the ocean of eternity.

And as the sun in western skies sinks low,
Dying in grandeur on his throne of fire,
While evening's tears in pearly dew-drops flow,
And round his pyre
The grief-flushed clouds, fade, languish, and expire.

Such be thy exit—round thy dying head,
May virtue shed her most benignant ray,
While love and friendship gather round thy bed,
And mourn thy clay,
About to "rest in peace" till full meridian day.



THE COQUETTE.

BY MISS LUCY E. MILNOR.

"I WILL not marry yet," was her reply—her face half averted from the kneeling figure beside her, whom still she suffered to retain her hand—whose arm still encircled her waist, unforbidden. "I will not marry yet," and love was in the tone of the very accents that withheld the boon of love, or deferred the bestowal of it.

James Griswold was a young man of moderate fortune; accomplished, unsophisticated, and of quick sensibilities. A student, and fond of retirement, he had selected for his summer residence a small hamlet on the Long Island seacoast, about twenty miles from New York, where, between his books and the smooth seashore, along which he loved to ramble, his time passed anything but heavily. Here he had resided about a month, when the little community received an addition, in a young lady and her mother, who joined it for the purpose of a temporary residence; and young Griswold stepped back in surprise, when, issuing one morning from the cabin in which he lodged, he beheld two females, in the attire, and with the air, of fashion—the one leaning upon the arm of the other—approaching the humble portal whence he had just emerged. He bowed, however, and passed on.

He had scarcely more than glanced at the strangers, but, transient as was his survey of them, he saw that one of them was an invalid—the younger. "How touching is the languor which indisposition casts over beauty!" exclaimed Griswold to himself; "health would improve the loveliness of that face, but the interest which now invests it would vanish. No visitation," he continued, "but late hours and crowded rooms have sent her hither—for I prophesy she comes to make some stay." He was right. Griswold returned from his ramble earlier than was his custom. His thoughts that day.

were in the hamlet, and not upon the shore. He approached his lodging with something like the emotions of expectation and suspense.

He looked at his landlady, on entering, as if he expected her to communicate something ; and was disappointed when she merely returned the ordinary response to his salutation. He entered his apartment dispirited, and threw himself into a chair near the window, the sash of which he threw up, as if he wanted air. For the first time he felt the oppression of loneliness. "They have not come to stop," said he to himself, and absolutely with a sigh—and no wonder ! In an assembly, a lovely, graceful, and delicate woman, beheld for the first time, would have exacted from him only the ordinary tribute which beauty shares with beauty ; but, in a remote little fishing hamlet, inhabited by beings as rude as their neighbors, the sea and the rocks, such a vision could hardly come, and vanish, without leaving a strong impression upon the beholder. Young Griswold sat abstracted, chagrined—mortified.

The opening of a window in a cabin opposite, roused him. The sash was thrown up by a white arm, shining through a sleeve of muslin, thin as gauze. Presently a dimpled elbow reposed upon the sill, and a cheek of pensive sweetness sank upon a hand, so small, so white, that it seemed to have been modelled for no other office than to pillow such a burden. A thrill ran through his frame, quickening him into wakeful life.

How the hand talks ! What passion, thought, and sentiment, are in it ! What tongues are the fingers ! Oh ! the things that the hand which this young man sat watching, discoursed to him, as it changed its posture—now with the palm, now with the back, kissing its owner's cheek—now extending one finger upon the marbly, ample temple—now enwreathing itself with one jetty curl and another—now passed over the arched bright forehead—now lowered, and languidly drooping from the window-frame, upon which the arm to which it belonged lay motionless—then raised again, with slow and waving motion, till it closed with the cheek that half met it—then gradually crossed over the bosom that seemed to heave with a sigh, as it passed, and pressed to the heart—then clasped with its beauteous fellow, and carried to the back of the head, the full, elastic arms swelling and whitening as they contracted !

Griswold gazed on entranced. Hitherto, the cheek alone of the fair invalid had been presented to him, but now her head turned; her eyes met his and dropped—she rose and withdrew.

Only glimpses of her did Griswold catch again that evening—but they were frequent. A hand—an elbow—the point of her shoulder—once or twice her figure, flitting backward and forward, as she paced up and down the apartment. Dusk fell; still he remained at his post. Was it a guitar that he heard? It was but awakened as the first tones of an Eolian harp, which you hold your breath to hear. Her hand was on the strings; one chord at length she struck full; another succeeded—and another. Then all was silence for a time. Griswold still remained at the window—nor in vain. The music woke again, as fairy soft as before, and a voice—soft as the music, but oh! far sweeter—awoke along with it. She was singing, but he could hear nothing except the strain; and yet he heard enough to tell him that it was the theme of tenderness, though sung by fits, that rather seemed to help than mar the passionate mood. The stars shone out; the moon, in her first quarter half completed, showed her bright crescent clear though setting; the folds of a white drapery shone dimly through the still open casement. Did the wearer approach, to look out and gaze upon the fair night? No. The sash was pulled down; the string and the voice were hushed; the interesting minstrel had retired. Griswold retired too; but though his head was upon the pillow, not a moment of that night were his vision and his ear withdrawn from the open window.

It was broad day before forgetfulness cast her spell over the excited spirits of young Griswold, nor was it broken till high noon. He arose, emerged from his chamber, and took an anxious survey of the habitation opposite. The room appeared empty. He partook hastily of a slight repast, and, sallying out, made his way to the seashore. He had not proceeded far, when, turning a point, he beheld the elder female in advance of him, standing still and looking anxiously upward toward a projecting summit, some hundred yards from the shore. He followed what appeared to be the direction of her eyes, and saw the younger, half way up, reclining upon her side. Something appeared to be amiss. He quickened his pace, and, joining the former, learned from her, that her daughter, attempting to climb to

the top of the steep hill, had incautiously turned, and, unaccustomed to look from a height, was prevented by terror from proceeding or descending ; that, from the same cause, she had slipped down several feet ; and that she, herself, durst not attempt to go to her assistance. Griswold had heard enough ; he bounded up the steep. As he approached the fair one, modesty half overcame terror, and she made a slight effort to repair the disorder into which her dress had been thrown by the accident. The young man assisted her to complete what she had effected but imperfectly ; he encouraged her, raised her, and, propping her fair form with his own, led her, step by step, down to the beach again. Nor, when she was in perfect safety, did he withdraw his assistance — nor did she decline it ; though, as apprehension subsided, confusion arose — coloring her pale cheek to crimson, at the recollection of the plight in which she had been found. Her ankle was slightly sprained, she said, having turned under her when she slipped. What was this, if not a warrant for the proffer of an arm ? At all events, Griswold construed it as such, and escorted the fair stranger, leaning upon him, back to her lodgings. From that moment a close intimacy commenced. They were constantly together — sometimes accompanied by the mother — more frequently, and at last wholly alone. Communing in solitude, between the sexes, and in the midst of romantic scenery, where there is no impediment, no distaste on either side, is almost sure to awaken, and to foster love. Young Griswold loved. The looks, the actions, all but the tongue of Amelia assured him that his passion was returned. Her health had improved rapidly ; the autumn was advancing, and the evenings and nights were growing chill. The mother and daughter now talked of returning to New York ; a day was fixed for their departure — and, on the eve of that day, young Griswold threw himself at the feet of the lovely girl, and implored her to bless him with her hand. Yet, though she did not deny that he had interested her — though her eyes and her cheek attested it — though the hand which was locked in his, locked his as well — though she suffered him to draw her toward him, by the tenure of her graceful waist — still was her reply, “ I will not marry yet.”

Griswold did not require to ask if his visits would be permitted in town — he was invited to renew them there. A journey to Charles-

ton, however, on a matter of pressing necessity, respecting the affairs of a friend, prevented his return for a month. At the expiration of that time he found himself in New York, and, with a throbbing heart, repaired to the habitation of Amelia's father, near Union Square, on the very evening of his arrival. The house was lighted up—there was a ball. He was scarcely dressed for a party; yet he could not overcome his impatience to behold again the heroine of the Long Island shore. He rang, at the same moment when a knot of other visitors came to the door, and, entering along with them, was ushered into a ball-room, the footman hurriedly announcing the names of the several parties. The dance was proceeding. It was the whirling waltz—

The dance of contact, else
 Forbid! abandoning to the free hand
 The sacred waist; while, face to face, that breath
 Doth kiss with breath, and eye embraceth eye—
 Your transed coil relaxing, straightening—round
 And round, in wavy measure, you entwine
 Circle with circle—till the swimming brain
 And panting heart, in swoony lapse, give o'er!

It was the waltz, and the couple consisted of a man of the town, and—Amelia.

The party who had entered with Griswold immediately took seats, but he stood, transfixed to the spot where his eyes first caught the form of the young lady, in the coil of another. She saw not him. With laughing eyes, and cheeks flushed with exertion, she continued the measure of license—her spirits mounting as the music quickened—until she seemed to float round her partner, who freely availed himself of the favorable movement of the step, to draw her toward him in momentary pressure. They at length sat down, and were soon engaged in earnest conversation. Griswold writhed. He retired to a room where he thought he should escape observation, and threw himself into a chair.

“Who think you, now, is the happy man?” said one of a group of gentlemen who at that moment came into the apartment where he sat.

“Why, who, if not Singleton!” replied another; “he has waltzed himself into her heart. This is the twentieth time I have seen her dance with him.”

"Oh! another will waltz him out of her heart," interposed a third; "she is an incorrigible coquette, from first to last."

Here the party separated. Griswold scarcely knowing what he did, after sitting abstracted for a few minutes, rose and descended the staircase.

He started with the intention of quitting the house, but the supper-room had been just thrown open, and the press carried him in. Nor was he allowed to stop, until he had reached the head of the table. Every seat but two, close to where he stood, was occupied. "By your leave, sir," said a voice behind him. He stepped back, and the waltzer led Amelia to one of them, and placed himself beside her. Young Griswold would have retreated, but could not without incommoding the company, who thickly hemmed him in. Amelia drew her gloves from the white arms they little enhanced by covering—the waltzer assisting her, and transferring them to the custody of his bosom. His eyes explored the table in quest of the most delicate of the viands, which, one after another he recommended to her, until she made a selection. He filled a wineglass with sparkling Burgundy and presented it to her, then crowned a goblet, till the liquid almost overhung the brim—breathed her name over it in a sigh—and quaffed it off to the bottom at a draught. He leaned his cheek to hers, till the neighbors almost touched. He whispered her—and she replied in whispers. He passed his arm over the back of her chair, partly supplanting it in the office of supporting her shoulders. He pressed so close to her, that it would have been the same had both been sitting in one seat. She was either unconscious of the familiar vicinity, or she permitted it. The whispering continued; the word "marriage" was uttered—repeated—repeated again. Griswold heard her distinctly reply, "I will not marry yet," as she rose—and, turning, met him face to face.

"Griswold!" she involuntarily exclaimed. But he spoke not, save with his eyes, which he kept fixed steadfastly upon her.

"When did you arrive?" she inquired hurriedly, and in extreme confusion.

"This evening," replied the young man, without removing his eyes.

"When did you join our party?"

"While you were waltzing," returned Griswold, with a smile.

"And how long have you been standing here?"

"Since supper commenced; I made way for your partner to hand you to that seat, and place himself beside you."

"You have not supped! sit down, and I will help you to something."

"No!" said Griswold, shaking his head, and smiling again.

"My mother has not seen you yet; come and speak to her."

"No; I have not a moment to spare. I leave town again immediately."

"When?"

"To-night! Farewell," said he, turning to go.

"You, surely, are not going yet," earnestly interposed Amelia.

"I *must* not stay," emphatically rejoined Griswold. "For one object alone I came to town. *That* is finally disposed of. The necessity for my departure is imperative. Remember me to your mother. Good-night!" he added, moving toward the door.

"Have you been well?" she inquired, almost tremulously. He continued his progress as fast as the throng permitted him, affecting not to hear her. She followed, laid her hand upon his arm, and stopped him.

"You surely are not well *now*," she remarked, in a tone of solicitude.

"No," he replied, passing on till he reached the door.

"Griswold!" she exclaimed, heedless of those who surrounded her, "stay a little longer!—an hour—half an hour—the quarter of an hour."

Griswold stopped, and, turning, looked upon her with an expression so tender, yet so stern, that she half shrank as she met his gaze.

"Not a moment," he replied; "I should be only a clog upon your pastime. I do not waltz!" Then snatched her hand—raised it to his lips—kissed it—and, dropping it, hurried down the staircase and departed.

Amelia at once perceived the awkwardness of her situation—recovered her self-possession—and, with well-dissembled mirth, affected to laugh.

"A poor lunatic!" she exclaimed, "whom I pity, notwithstanding

his extravagant aberrations of mind. He is innocent in his madness. But come, let us forget him."

The dance was resumed. She was the queen of the mirthful hour, that shone, surpassing all. She laughed, she rallied, she challenged, she outdid herself—her spirits towering the more, the more the revel waned. Party after party dropped off; still she kept it up, till she was left utterly alone—and then she rushed up to her chamber and cast herself upon a couch, dissolved in tears.

She loved young Griswold. Vanity had been touched before—but never sentiment, till she visited the little hamlet on Long Island. At first she could not, or would not, persuade herself that Griswold would not return; but a month set that point perfectly at rest. She drooped. Society—amusement—nothing could rouse her into her former self. Her partner in the waltz in vain solicited her to stand up with him again. She declined the honor; his visits were discouraged. Her mother anxiously watched the depression of spirits that had taken possession of her, and seemed daily to increase. The winter passed without improvement—the spring. Summer set in; bloom and fruit returned, but cheer was a stranger to her heart. Change of scene was recommended. She was asked to make choice of the place whither she would go; she replied, with a sigh, "to the Long Island shore."

She and her mother arrived at the same little hamlet which they had visited the summer before, early on a Sunday morning, and reoccupied the identical lodgings. The landlady, a kind-hearted creature, expressed her surprise and sorrow at the altered appearance of her delicate young lodger.

"Ah!" said she, "the young gentleman would be sorry to see this—though he has had his turn of sickness too; but he is now quite recovered."

"Mr. Griswold?" breathlessly inquired Amelia.

"Yes," replied the landlady, "that same handsome, kind, young gentleman."

"Merciful Heaven! is he here?" she vehemently demanded.

"He is, my lady," returned the landlady.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, as she turned upon the latter a look, in which pleasure was painted for the first time since the momentous

night of the ball. "Where does he lodge?" asked Amelia, turning to the landlady.

"In the same place. He came back about a month after he left," added the landlady. "Poor young gentleman!" she continued, "we all thought he had come to die among us—so pale, so melancholy. He would keep company with no one—would speak to no one—and at last he took fairly to his bed."

Amelia laid her head upon her hand, covering her eyes; her tears had begun to flow.

"But the daughter of our neighbor, who had a rich brother that sent his niece to school at New Haven, and had determined to adopt her, having completed her time, came upon a visit to her father, shortly after the return of the young gentleman, and her mother made her read to him constantly, to divert him—and he grew fond of listening to her—and well he might, for a sweet young creature she is—and at last his health took a turn, and he was able to quit his bed, and to walk, as he used with you, my dear lady—rambling whole hours along the seashore with her."

The eyes of Amelia were now lifted to the landlady's face. Her tears were gone, all but the traces of them; they seemed as they were glazed. The landlady had paused at the sound of several voices, and a kind of bustle without, and now ran to the window.

"Come hither, ladies!" she exclaimed, "they are just coming out."

Amelia, by a convulsive effort, rose, and hastily approached the window with her mother.

"Here they come!" resumed the landlady, "and this is the end of my story. The young gentleman at last fell in love with his sweet young nurse, and offered to marry her. She had already fallen in love with him; she accepted him, and this very morning they are going to church. There they are! look! did you ever see so sweet a sight? What a couple! God bless them! They were made for one another!"

The landlady started and looked round. Amelia had fallen in a swoon upon the floor. With difficulty they recovered her. In an hour her mother was on her way with her toward New York. In a month she was dressed in a shroud.

THE YANKEE SCHOOLMASTER

A LEGEND OF THE CITY OF HUDSON.

BY J. E. PAULDING.

THE city of Hudson furnishes one of those examples of rapid growth so common and so peculiar to our country. It goes back no further than 1784, and is said now to contain nearly six thousand inhabitants. But towns, like children, are very apt to grow more in the first few years, than all their lives after. But Hudson has a bank, which is a sort of wet-nurse to these little towns, giving them too often a precocious growth, which is followed by a permanent debility. The town is beautifully situated, and the environs of the most picturesque and romantic description. There are several pretty country-seats in the neighborhood. Here ends, according to the law of nature, the ship-navigation of the river ; but by a law of the legislature, a company has been incorporated, with a capital of one million of dollars—how easy it is to coin money in this way !—to make a canal to New Baltimore : for what purpose, only legislative wisdom can explain. There was likewise an incorporated company, to build a mud-machine for deepening the river. But the river is no deeper than it was, and the canal to New Baltimore is not made, probably because the million of dollars is not forthcoming. One may pay too dear for a canal as well as a whistle. That canals are far better than rivers, is not to be doubted ; but as we get our rivers for nothing, and pay pretty dearly for our canals, I would beg leave to represent in behalf of the poor rivers, that they are entitled to some little consideration, if it is only on the score of coming as free gifts. Hudson is said to be very much infested with politicians, a race of men, who, though they have never been classed among those who live by their own wits, and the little wit of their neighbors, certainly belong to the genus.

Hence to Albany the Hudson gradually decreases in magnitude, changing its character of a mighty river for that of a pleasant pastoral stream. The high banks gradually subside into rich flats, portentous of Dutchmen, who light on them as certainly as do the snipes and plovers. "Wisely despising," observes Alderman Janson,* "the barren mountains, which are only made to look at, they passed up on the river from Fort Amsterdam, till they arrived hereabout, and here they pitched their tents. Their descendants still retain possession of the seats of their ancestors, though sorely beset by the march of the human mind, and the progress of public improvement on one hand, and on the other by interlopers from the modern Scythia, the cradle of the human race in the new world—Connecticut. These last, by their pestilent scholarship, and mischievous contrivances of patent ploughs, patent thrashing-machines, patent corn-shellors, and patent churns, for the encouragement of domestic industry, have gone near to overset all the statutes of St. Nicholas. The honest burghers of Coeymans, Cocksackie, and New Paltz, still hold out manfully; but alas! the women—the women are prone to backslidings and hankering after novelties. A Dutch damsel can't, for her heart, resist a Connecticut schoolmaster, with his rosy cheeks and store of scholarship, and even honest yffrow herself chuckles a little amatory Dutch at his approach; simpering mightily thereat, and stroking down her apron. A goose betrayed—no, I am wrong—a goose once saved the capitol of Rome; and it is to be feared a woman will finally betray the citadels of Coeymans, Cocksackie, and New Paltz, to the schoolmasters of Connecticut, who circumvent them with outlandish scholarship. These speculations," quoth the worthy alderman, "remind me of the mishap of my unfortunate great-uncle, Douw Van Wezel, who sunk under the star of one of these wandering Homers."

Douw, and little Alida Vander Speigle, had been playmates since their infancy—I was going to say schoolmates, but at that time there was no such thing as a school, so far as I can learn, in the neighborhood, to teach the young varlets to chalk naughty words on walls and fences, which is all that learning is good for, for aught I see. Douw

* Alderman Nicholas Nicodemus Janson was the flower of the magistracy of Cocksackie, and died full of years and honor, on St. Nicholas' day, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven.

was no scholar, so there was no danger of his getting into the state prison for forgery ; but it requires but little learning to fall in love. Alida had, however, stayed a whole winter in York, where she learned to talk crooked English, and cock her pretty little pug nose at our good old customs. They were the only offspring of their respective parents, whose farms lay side by side, squinting plainly at matrimony between the young people. Douw and Alida went to church together every Sunday ; wandered into the churchyard, where Alida read the epitaphs for him ; and it was the talk of everybody that it would certainly be a match. Douw was a handsome fellow for a Dutchman, though he lacked that effeminate ruddiness which seduces poor ignorant women. He had a stout frame, a bluish complexion, straight black hair, eyes of the color of indigo, and as honest a pair of old-fashioned mahogany bannister legs, as you would wish to see under a man. It was worth while to make good legs then, when every man wore breeches, and some of the women too, if report is to be credited. Alida was the prettiest little Dutch damsel that ever had her stocking filled with cake on new year's eve, by the blessed St. Nicholas. I will not describe her, lest my readers should all fall in love with her, or at all events weep themselves into Saratoga fountains, when they come to hear of the disastrous fate of poor Douw, whose destiny it was—but let us have no anticipations ; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

It was new year's eve, and Douw was invited to see out the old year at Judge Vander Speigle's, in the honest old Dutch way, under the especial patronage of St. Nicholas. There were glorious doings among the young folks, and the old ones too, for that matter, till one or two, or perhaps three in the morning, when the visitors got into their sleighs and skirred away home, leaving Douw and the fair Alida alone—or as good as alone, for the judge and the yffrow were as sound as a church, in the two chimney-corners. If wine and French liquors, and such trumpery, make a man gallant and adventurous, what will not hot-spiced Santa Cruz achieve ? Douw was certainly a little flustered ; perhaps it might be predicated of him that he was, as it were, a little tipsey. Certain it is, he waxed brave as a Dutch lion. I'll not swear but that he put his arm round her waist, and kissed the little Dutch girl ; but I will swear positively, that before the parties knew whether

they were standing on their heads or feet, they had exchanged vows, and become irrevocably engaged. Whereupon Douw waked the old judge, and asked his consent on the spot. "Yaw, yaw," yawned the judge, and fell fast asleep again in a twinkling. Nothing but the last trumpet would rouse the yffrow till morning.

In the morning, the good yffrow was let into the affair, and began to bestir herself accordingly. I can not count the sheets, and tablecloths, and towels, the good woman mustered out, nor describe the preparations made for the expected wedding. There was a cake baked, as big as Kaatskill mountain, and mince-pies enough to cover it. There were cakes of a hundred nameless names, and sweetmeats enough to kill a whole village. All was preparation, anticipation, and prognostication. A Dutch tailor had constructed Douw a suit of snuff-color, that made him look like a great roll of leaf-tobacco; and a York milliner had exercised her skill in the composition of a wedding-dress for Alida, that made the hair of the girls of Coeymans and Cocksackie stand on end. All was ready, and the day appointed. But, alas! I wonder no one has yet had the sagacity to observe, and proclaim to the world, that all things in this life are uncertain, and that the anticipations of youth are often disappointed.

Just three weeks before the wedding, there appeared in the village of Cocksackie a young fellow, dressed in a three-cornered cocked hat, a queue at least a yard long hanging from under it, tied up in an eel-skin, a spruce blue coat, not much the worse for wear, a red waistcoat, corduroy breeches, handsome cotton stockings, with a pair of good legs in them, and pumps with silver buckles. His arrival was like the shock of an earthquake, he being the first stranger that had appeared within the memory of man. He was of a goodly height, well shaped, and had a pair of rosy cheeks, which no Dutch damsel ever could resist; for to say the truth, our Dutch lads are apt to be a little dusky in the epidermis.

He gave out that he was come to set up a school, and teach the little chubby Dutch boys and girls English. The men set their faces against this monstrous innovation!—but the women! the women! they always will run after novelty, and they ran after the schoolmaster, his red cheeks, and his red waistcoat. Yffrow Vander Speigle contested the empire of the world within doors, with his honor the

judge, and bore a divided reign. She was smitten with a desire to become a blue-stocking herself, or at least that her daughter should. The yffrow was the bell-wether of fashion in the village ; of course, many other yffrows followed her example, and in a little time the lucky schoolmaster was surrounded by half the grown-up damsels of Cox-sackie.

Alida soon became distinguished as his favorite scholar ; she was the prettiest, the richest girl in the school—and she could talk English, which the others were only just learning. He taught her to read poetry—he taught her to talk with her eyes—to write love-letters—and at last to love. Douw was a lost man the moment the schoolmaster came into the village. He first got the blind side of the daughter, and then of the yffrow—but he found it rather a hard matter to get the blind side of the judge, who had heard from his brother in Albany what pranks these Connecticut boys were playing there. He discouraged the schoolmaster, and he encouraged Douw to press his suit, which Alida had put off, and put off, from time to time. She was sick—and not ready—and indifferent—and sometimes as cross as a little d——. Douw smoked his pipe harder than ever at her ; but she resisted like a heroine.

In those times of cheap simplicity, it was the custom of the country for the schoolmaster to board alternately with the parents of his scholars, a week or a fortnight at a time ; and it is recorded of these learned Thebans, that they always stayed longer where there was a pretty daughter, and plenty of pies and sweetmeats. The time at last came round, when it was the schoolmaster's turn to sojourn with Judge Vander Speigle the allotted fortnight, sorely to the gloomy forebodings of Douw, who began to have a strong suspicion of the cause of Alida's coldness. The schoolmaster knew which side his bread was buttered, and laid close siege to the yffrow, by praising her good things, exalting her consequence, and depressing that of her neighbors. Nor did he neglect the daughter, whom he plied with poetry, melting looks, and significant squeezes, and all that ; although all that was quite unnecessary, for she was ready to run away with him at any time. But this did not suit our Homer ; he might be divorced from the acres, if he married without the consent of the judge. He, however, continued to administer fuel to the flame, and never missed abusing poor Douw

to his face, without the latter being the wiser for it, he not understanding a word of English.

By degrees he opened the matter to the yffrow, who liked it exceedingly, for she was, as we said before, inclined to the mysteries of blue-stockings, and was half in love with his red waistcoat and red cheeks. Finally, she told him, in a significant way, that as there were two to one in his favor, and the old judge would, she knew, never consent to the marriage while he could help it, the best thing he could do was to go and get married as soon as possible, and she would bear them out. That very night Douw became a disconsolate widower, although, poor fellow ! he did not know of it till the next morning. The judge stormed and swore, and the yffrow talked ; till at length he allowed them to come and live in the house, but with the proviso that they were never to speak to him, nor he to them. A little grandson, in process of time, healed all these internal divisions. They christened him Adrian Vander Speigle, after his grandfather ; and when it came to pass that the old patriarch died, the estate passed from the Vander Speigles to the Longfellows, after the manner of men.

Poor Douw grew melancholy, and pondered sometimes whether he should not bring his action for breach of promise, fly the country for ever, turn Methodist, or marry under the nose of the faithless Alida, "on purpose to spite her." He finally decided on the latter, married a little Dutch brunette from Kinderhook, and prospered mightily in posterity, as did also his neighbor, Philo Longfellow. But it was observed, that the little Van Wezels and the little Longfellows never met without fighting ; and that as they grew up, this hostility gathered additional bitterness. In process of time, the village became divided into two factions, which gradually spread wherever the Yankees and the Dutch mixed together ; and finally, like the feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, divided the land for almost a hundred miles around.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. VERSCHOYLE.

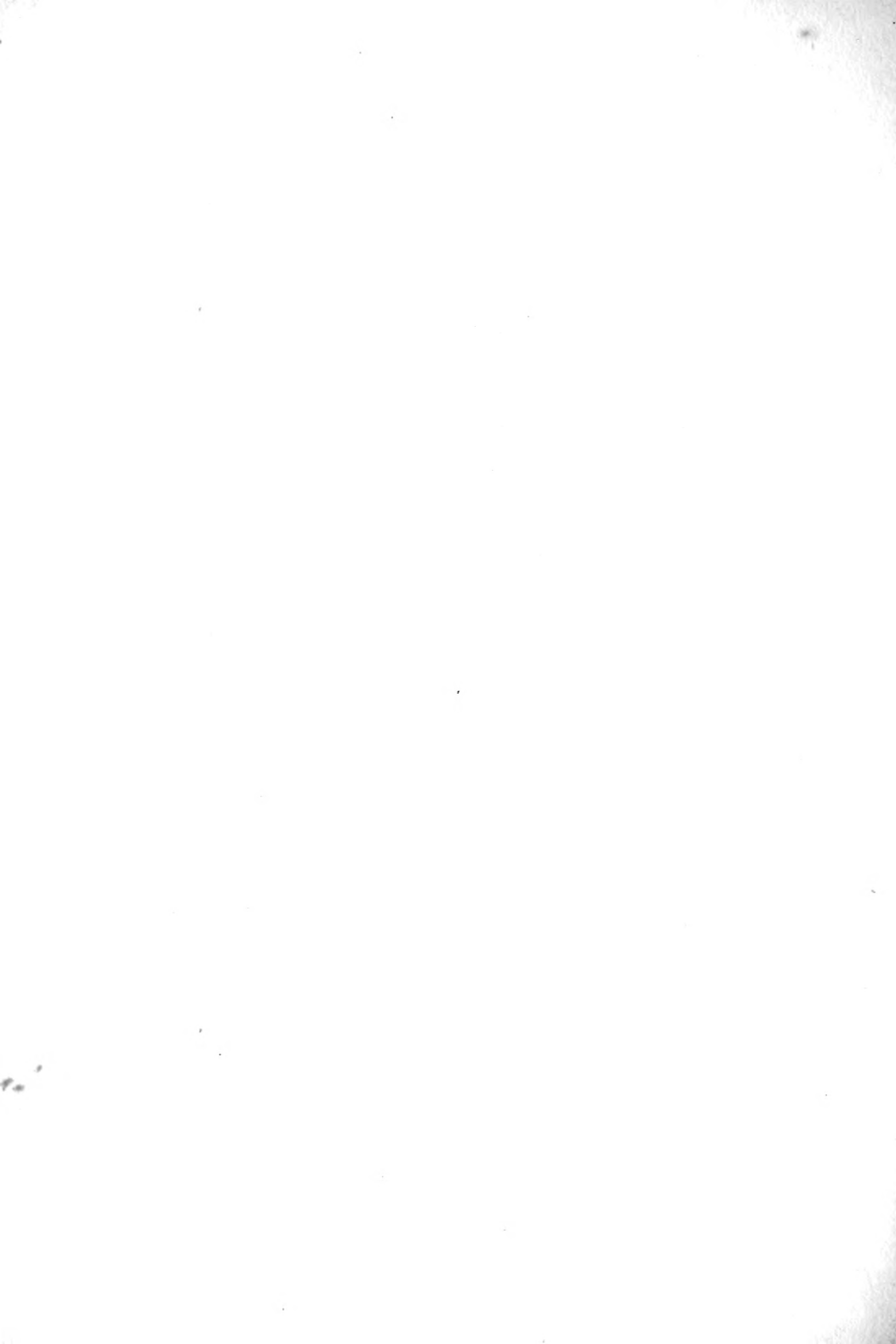
BY P. B.

BLESSED was the artist's hands that bade
Those features on thy surface shine,
And with advent'rous skill portrayed
That form, and made thee what thou art, divine:
And heav'n-born was the art that made thee bear
Those eyes, and that fair face that have no equals here.

What though the Coan artist drew,
And Venus gave to mortal eye,
A thousand such as thee in view,
And thy bright tints with his may safely vie:
Immodest beauties from his pencil shine,
But thou art chasteness all, and purer charms are thine.

What though the huge Colossus rears
Above fair Rhodes his towering height,
And on his giant forehead bears
The image of yon glorious orb of light;
A thousand euns in thee as brightly gleam,
Thine eyes are even suns, and shed as bright a beam.





THE STOUT GENTLEMAN.

A STORY OF AN OMNIBUS DRIVER.

I DETEST an up-town residence. True, it is pleasant when you get there, but as my income will not warrant a coach establishment, I am now reluctantly compelled to take a daily passage at dusk by the 30th-street line of omnibuses. In pleasant weather this mode of travelling is rather agreeable; but in a rainy or drizzly night, the Fates protect me from hunting up a seat in an omnibus. Last Tuesday I tried the experiment for the fortieth time, and after standing for nearly an hour under the awning in front of Peale's Museum in Broadway, I espied a vehicle, whose driver had a most singularly good-natured look, and who, I verily believed, would pity my desolate condition, notwithstanding I noticed that his vehicle contained the full complement of twelve inside. Emboldened by his appearance, I beckoned to him, and my anticipations were agreeably confirmed by his promptly reining in his steeds. After a short parley I was reluctantly permitted to mount the box, with my umbrella spread. I was not mistaken in the physiognomy of the omnibus-driver. He had a liberal share of the milk of human kindness, and withal was exceedingly talkative. We had scarcely proceeded three blocks, when he had given me his opinion concerning all sorts of subjects, persons, and things in general.

"I suppose," said he, "you thought it singular that I didn't wish you to get up on the driver's seat, when you hailed me?"

"Yes," said I inquiringly.

"Perhaps, then, you would like to hear the reason."

"Yes," I again answered, "for I am sorry to have annoyed so obliging a person."

"No trouble, I assure you, sir; but the fact is, we drivers must have rules, or on nights like this we might be crowded out of our seats."

"Surely the seat is very commodious," replied I, "three persons may sit here with ease, and I can see no objection to taking one outside passenger at any time."

"All gentlemen ain't alike, you know," responded the obliging driver, "and could you but see the stout man who used to ride up here, you wouldn't blame us for refusing to take up anybody on the outside."

"Indeed," replied I, "who is he?"

"That's more than I know; but he told me how he came to his size, and it's a queer story—why, sir, he could not get through that door there by more than ten inches!"

I expressed my astonishment at these dimensions of the discarded outside passenger, and the driver continued:

"The first time that this fat man got on my vehicle, I noticed he was a very agreeable talker, but I lost two days in repairing the forward springs, and that cost me fourteen shillin', you know."

"I dare say, driver," said the fat man to me, at our first meeting, "that you haven't seen many men of greater bulk than myself."

"No, indeed," said I, "I never came across one who couldn't get inside before, and it isn't over comfortable riding here so crowded, and with a heavy load."

"So I supposed," rejoined he. "I hoped such would be your reply. For I'd have you know that I'm proud of the distinction which my fat confers."

"Like most distinctions, though," observed I, "you must feel the weight of it irksome now and then."

"I do," replied he, "particularly in hot, muggy weather. It's also inconvenient," he continued, "in many ways. Sometimes, when I beckon a cab from the stand, the driver shakes his head and says he's engaged. If I hail an omnibus, the driver is sure not to notice me. In narrow, crowded thoroughfares I'm looked upon as a positive obstruction and public nuisance. In Nassau street, one day, I happened to stop to look at some political caricatures, when the shopkeeper hailed me, just as he would the driver of a heavy wagon, with 'Come, go ahead, sir; we can't have the street blocked up to please *your* fancy.' I never could travel by a mail-coach in all my life; the proprietors, one and all, made some objection to my luggage,

even if I carried but a small brown paper parcel. 'It won't do,' they used to say, 'it won't do; we can't delay the mail with so much luggage.' In railroad cars I fare somewhat better, though the Great Western road charged me for two seats the last time I travelled that way. When I go to a theatre, or any other place of public amusement, first I'm asked to sit 'this way,' then 'a little more that,' until I'm screwed into all manner of shapes, and there I am, perhaps, at last, sitting with my back to the stage, squinting out of the corners of my eyes in the most uncomfortable manner possibly to be imagined. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks, I glory in my superior specific gravity over the rest of my fellow-creatures. 'There's a joy which all stout men feel in glancing at their shadows in the sun, which thin ones have not the capacity of entertaining. We are compelled to assume an air of dignity in our gait, and the very assumption instils the feeling. Oh, yes! driver," said he, "you may rest assured if a man of discreet years wishes to be on superlatively good terms with himself—which is the most desirable affection that he can foster—he must cultivate an unbounded stomach."

"I agree with you, sir," replied I, "that a solid, portly man is more good-looking, and consequently more to my taste, than your cadaverous, bloodless, transparent, vinegar-fed, milk-an'-water, doughy, ill-bred, foreignish-looking varmint."

"To be sure he is," rejoined the stout gentleman. "To be sure he is. And, as to which of the two is the most comfortable to himself, I can answer from experience."

"Were you ever lean, then?" inquired I.

"As Romeo's poison-vender," replied he; "indeed, he was a well-fed citizen, compared to what I was three years since."

"How did you come to pick up so?" asked I.

"It's a singular story," returned the fat man, smiling, "but not a very long one."

Observing that "I should like to hear it, if there was time," he said:

"With all my heart. Not long since I was, as I am now, in good healthy condition, both in body and mind. When I put my heel upon a daisy, there was full three hundred weight upon the flower, which I consider to be good honest weight for a man in the prime of his

days. Few individuals, if any, put more rich food under their waistcoats, drank more good brandy and iced Croton, thought less, slept more, and laughed louder and longer, than I did. But change is the essence of the mutable laws which govern all things pertaining to humanity. If we do not of ourselves 'work the oracle,' that which we term chance — mis-called destiny — is certain to effect it.

"For some time I had been lodging at a 'genteel boarding-house' — as it was described in the advertisements when vacancies occurred — in Beekman street. Like most such places in such localities, it was occupied by merchants' clerks, law students, occasionally an old maid or a widow, with very small means, a respectable single gentleman or two, and an adventurer, with large mustaches and limited wardrobe. This latter individual was the lion of the establishment, until it was discovered that his estates in England returned so very small a rent-roll, and that neither the landlady nor the washerwoman could extract the amount of their respective claims, notwithstanding the superlative excellence of their elocutionary powers in the art of dunning.

"I had been an inmate of this menagerie for little more than a year, when an eccentric-looking, mysterious person came to fill up 'a vacancy' recently caused by the English landholder being taken to the Tombs on suspicion of picking somebody's pocket at the lower post-office. He was a tall, slim individual, bearing the appearance of having been starved upon principle from the hour of his birth. Pale, meager, and sunk, were his jaws, which elongated to a point, and his neck was scraggy, and little less than an impoverished heron's. His eyes were set close together, and were as black and glowing and twinkling as a snake's when contemplating the seizure of some unsuspecting frog, croaking his love to his mate in the summer's sun. Bald and polished as oiled mahogany was his flat and compressed head, while a few straight, long bristles were carefully combed from the back, and brought over the ears. A straight line chalked upon a slate would faithfully describe his figure. From his contracted, narrow shoulders to his protruding heels, there was no deviation from the perpendicular. All was even. Round his throat a small leather stock was buckled, so that the ends did not meet behind, and his costume was always black from head to foot.

"For some days after his arrival, I knew nothing more of the new comer than that he was addressed as Dr. Gagem. At the table he was very silent, and, as it was my custom to retire to my private room after dinner to discuss my bottle, I had but little of his conversation or society.

"Some three weeks had elapsed since his becoming my fellow-boarder, when I noticed that everybody in the house, more especially the ladies, began to appear excessively unwell. None of them could eat, and all looked white, thin, and low-spirited. I inquired of one or two what occasioned this change, and received for a reply, that 'they were under the advice of Dr. G.'

"'The sooner you're from under it the better, then,' rejoined I, 'if I can judge from appearances.'

"'You'll think differently soon,' said my fair informants. 'Ah, sir!' sighed they, 'do consult the doctor.'

"'Thank ye,' returned I, 'but while I continue as I am, I'll take no advice to improve my health.'

"One evening I was sitting comfortably alone before a cheerful fire in my own snugery. A bottle of fine old port wine was my only companion, and there it stood on the table, close to my elbow, with its crimson blood sparkling in the blaze—temptation personified. I had just drawn the cork, and was gurgling the first glass from the gray cobwebbed neck of the black bottle, when a gentle tap was heard at the door of my apartment.

"'Come in,' said I, surprised at the interruption.

"The door opened, and in stalked Dr. Gagem.

"'Pardon this intrusion,' observed he, bowing and smiling, 'but I have something to communicate which will not bear longer procrastination.'

"'Pray be seated,' replied I, offering him a chair. 'I shall be glad to hear anything you may have to say.'

"'You're very stout, sir,' said the doctor, occupying a chair on the opposite side of the table.

"'I am, thank God,' replied I. 'Will you take a glass of wine, doctor?'

"He waved his hand. 'Not for worlds, sir,' rejoined he. 'It is

to warn you from such poison that I have intruded upon your privacy.
Delay is death !

"These three last words were delivered in the most solemn and deliberate manner.

"*'Delay is death !'* repeated I, more amazed than alarmed.

"*'And no mistake,'* added he.

"*'What do, what can you mean, sir ?'* asked I.

"*'The ægis of friendship,'* returned the doctor, *'is the only protector from destruction or injury. I've come here this evening to place my shield between you and sudden, premature decease.'*

"*'Good God, sir !'* I exclaimed, *'am I going to be assassinated ?'*

"*'You are,'* coolly replied he.

"*'Heaven protect me ! By whom, and for what ?'*

"*'The doctor smiled. 'By your own hand,'* he replied.

"*'Faugh ! pooh, pooh !'* returned I. *'Not while good fat roast beef and ——'*

"*'I know what you would say,'* interrupted the doctor. *'But listen. It is the good cheer, as it ignorantly is termed, which kills seven tenths of the population of this city. Where one dies of starvation—and I believe a few do yield their immaterial spirits to mingle with the thinner air, by the necessitous code of total abstinence—ninety-and-nine go off from eating and drinking to excess. It has been my pleasing and self-imposed duty for some years past, to study the preventives for cutting short the thread of life, and I feel a conscious pride in being able to say that my arduous labors have been crowned with success. These pills,'* continued he, taking a box from his waistcoat pocket, *'are composed of a powerfully cathartic, but innoxious vegetable. Take them, sir, from the hand of a disinterested friend. I take no fees. My only reward is the pleasure of plucking the falling man from the yawning abyss. I know, from my professional observation, that the lease of your life is nearly run out. Take a dozen of those pills night and morning—let your diet consist of brown gagem bread, and vegetables, exclusively—and when the pills are gone, come to me for more. If you are not a very different man at the end of one little month to what you are now, say, sir, that I'm no judge of physic or diet.'*

“‘But, doctor,’ replied I, expostulating, ‘I never felt better in my life. Why should I take physic, or change my mode of living?’

“‘By the same rule that the mariner furls his sails before the storm bursts,’ replied he. ‘Medicine, sir, should be taken more frequently as a preventive than by way of cure.’

“‘That may be very true,’ rejoined I. ‘But, as far as I am concerned, I see no reason for fear. I’m just as I’ve been for the last fourteen years.’

“‘Do not flatter yourself that, because the danger *has* not appeared, it *will* not,’ added the doctor. ‘I beg now to apprise you that the germs of apoplexy are about to spring. Be warned in time. Leave off animal food, beer, wine, and spirits, and stick to my pills and brown bread. Delay is death!’

“Now he chanced,” continued the stout gentleman, “to strike the only vulnerable point in my constitution. I had often thought, with some degree of trembling, that I might be a likely subject for apoplexy, and after some more conversation, and a great deal of reflection, I determined to follow his advice.

“Heaven knows that Dr. Gagem had not underrated the powers of his physic and diet. In three weeks I had no more stomach than a deal-board. Weak at the knees, pale as a peeled turnip, and so debilitated that I could not sit upright in my chair, I began to think it high time to change the system, and told the doctor so.

“‘No, no, no,’ returned he. ‘The desirable effects are just perceptible. Stick to the plan I laid down for you, and in a few days you’ll never be liable to a fit of apoplexy as long as you live.’

“‘Then I must keep to my bed,’ said I, ‘for I can scarcely crawl either out of it or into it now.’

“‘Do so,’ added the doctor. ‘The more repose the better.’

“Four long, weary days I remained in bed, so attenuated that I could hardly turn myself from side to side. Every figure and flower upon the curtains I counted over and over again in my lonely hours, and speculated, as they drew themselves lazily along, upon the joys that awaited me upon receiving permission to live again.

“I had been dreaming of rich, thick turtle soup, haunches of venison, fatted capons, and things of such kind, when I was suddenly awoke by a familiar voice, crying, ‘Sleep no more. Wake and eat.’

"I opened my eyes to the sound, and there by my bedside stood an apparition, holding a large tray, loaded with a rump-steak, smothered with onions, a couple of French rolls, newly baked, and a bottle of ruby-bright port wine.

"Am I asleep—do I dream?" said I.

"No," replied the voice, which I now recognised as belonging to my kind-hearted, loquacious landlady. "No, Mr. Brown," added she, "you've been asleep long enough, so have I, and nearly every one of my boarders beside."

"What do you mean?" asked I, sticking a fork into the savory dish, and commencing a demolition of the dainties.

"First of all, finish every morsel that I've brought you," replied she, "and then I'll astonish you with a bit of news."

"What will the doctor say, ma'am?" I inquired.

"*Doctor!*" exclaimed the landlady. "A pretty kind of doctor, indeed! His object," continued she, "was to kill everybody in the house."

"*Kill* everybody in the house!" repeated I, stopping in the act of draining a glass of port.

"Ah, sir!" sighed she, "I little thought what a viper I'd got under my roof."

"Explain yourself, ma'am," returned I.

"You'll eat no more when I have," added she.

"I can't as it is," said I. "My powers of gastronomy are sadly impaired."

"'Tis well they are not beyond tinkering," replied the landlady. "It was intended to render 'em so. For the sham doctor was nothing more nor less than ——"

"What?" said I.

"*A sleeping partner in an undertaker's!*"

"Good God!" exclaimed I. "Drumming for business?"

"The landlady nodded.

"It was true enough, driver," observed the stout gentleman; "such was the object of the self-dubbed Doctor Gagem."



SONNET

TO MISS K.'S LAP-DOG.

BLESSED is thy lot, supremely blessed,
Who sees must envy thee ;
Thus by that gentle hand caressed,
And fondled in the rosy breast
Of that fair queen of chastity.

Diverted by thy artless play,
Companion of her home,
With thee she sports the live-long day,
And makes thee partner of her way
When fancy leads her steps to roam.

Her daily meal she bids thee share,
And, with unfeigned delight,
Selecting, with attentive care,
The choicest morsels for thy fare,
Provokes thy little appetite.

Sweet fav'rite, while tis thine to share
What all with envy see :
For this her kindness, this her care,
Let gratitude reward the fair
With pleasing, fond fidelity.

ISA ;

A TALE OF KHORASSAN.

This scene is laid during the attacks made by the Arabs on the Persian empire. At the celebrated battle of Kudseah, nearly all the Persian army, 100,000 strong, fell. The Arabs lost 3,000 men. The battle of Nahavund decided the fate of Persia, when out of an army of 150,000 men, 30,000 fell, pierced by the lances of the Arabs, and 80,000, in retreating, were drowned.

THE sound of revelry was loud in Shahryar's brilliant palace. Azor, the flower of Persian chivalry, had returned ; and all the beautiful and the brave were assembled there to greet the youthful warrior. All hearts beat high—music breathed around its witching power, and combined with the mazy dance to steep the senses in delight. There, every beauteous race beneath the sun were met—there shone the full and fawn-like eyes of Persia's daughters, the half-closed glances of the Kathayan, the bloom of Georgian cheeks, the golden ringlets of the Western isles. On a throne of pure white marble, carpeted with shawls and cloth of gold, Shahryar sat, arrayed in royal attire. His only child, the lovely Isa, to whose heart the pageant had been like death, had quitted the joyous festival to seek her lonely bower, to brood there in melancholy stillness o'er her grief. The moon was forcing its tender light through gilded lattices, wreathed with woodbine, honeysuckle, and the timid jasmine-bud ; and Isa's heart was impressed with the solemn and quiet beauty of the scene, heightened by its striking contrast with that she had quitted ; and the sounds of merriment, issuing at intervals from the haram, obtruded upon her ear as if in mockery of her serious feelings. Gradually yielding to the calm and tranquillizing influence of the evening, she took her lute and tremblingly struck the chords. The strain at first was wild and irregular, but soon ran, as if unconsciously, into a melody, the favorite of her beloved Azor ; that melody was accompanied with a voice which mated well with the tones of that soft in-

strument. The last notes were still lingering, as if unwilling to leave their lovely creator, when a light and well-known footstep made her conscious of her lover's approach. He stood before her, and, in hurried accents, said, "Isa, my betrothed, this night we part—before tomorrow's sun has kissed the brow of Turok we meet the Arab on the plains of Kudseah. Victory will crown our arms, for righteous Allah will support the just; then, with the speed of the eagle, will I return and claim my beauteous bride. Bethink thee of thy vow—may every saint watch over thee!"

Isa replied, in trembling accents, "Farewell;" and detaching from her rosary a golden amulet, fretted with Arabic characters, she threw it round his neck; "Be this a charm of safety in the hour of danger—may this avert every threatened evil." She paused, for at that instant there burst upon them from beyond the grove that crowned their solitude, the tramp of horses, the shrill call, the clash of the cymbal, the ringing of arms. It was Azor's signal for departure; he started at the sounds; his hands pressed upon his beating brow told how remembrance throbbed therein; then, throwing himself upon his knees, and as suddenly starting up, he cried, "Oh! Isa, in vain I strive to offer up a prayer—my knee may bend, my lips may move, but without thee I can not pray."

Isa's head bent upon his trembling arm, startled by the breathing of lips that echoed back her anguish; she suddenly raised herself; her mild eyes looked up to Heaven—eyes whose light seemed rather given to be adored than to adore; and, with a countenance calm but sorrowful, a sadness that could not weep, breathed an inarticulate prayer. The impatient pawing of the ground, the champing of a bit, told Azor his faithful steed awaited him. In happier hours Isa had ridden him, when, as if conscious of his precious burden, he was all gentleness; now his wild nostrils snorting, his mane erected, he struggled fiercely under his warlike equipments. Isa rushed to him, and, clinging to his neck—"Rakush, dear Rakush, carry your master to victory." Azor's foot was now in the stirrup—his burning lips impressed a kiss upon her extended hand; her eyes took their agonizing farewell—she fell senseless into the arms of her faithful Maridah.

Isa had from her childhood been affianced to Azor; the deadly wars

with the Arabs had taken him from her ; but absence had increased her love. Hers was a pure, deep, ardent, and imperishable feeling. Azor was the sole joy, the pride, the ambition of her fond heart ; and never did saintly martyr dedicate himself with more intense devotion to his faith than did Azor consecrate his heart to her. Love had been to his impassioned soul not merely a part of his existence, but the whole, the very life-breath of his heart ; and a purer shrine at which to offer up the fragrant incense of a first affection never existed. Isa's was not alone that loveliness by which the wilder passions are captivated ; it possessed the mind which sparkled through her whole frame, and lighted every charm. Her playful blushes seemed but the luminous escapes of thought ; her clear forehead was shaded by a rich profusion of glossy hair ; her eyes were full, and when stirred by anger or surprise, were fire itself, but at a word of tenderness became subdued and soft. Her mouth was harmony and love ; and hers was a form that could have spared from its rich world of beauty, charms enough to have made all others fair.

In her were combined all that the spirit seeks for in heaven, and all that the senses pine for on earth. Maridah, for whom she felt a sister's affection, had early been bereft of one who had been her sole terrestrial hope, and, in her widowed state, the only feeling that seemed happiness to her, or rather the sole relief from aching misery, was to see Isa happy. Her smile brought to this faithful friend warmth and radiance like moonlight on a troubled sea. Many had sought Maridah's hand, but in vain ; the hymeneal chaplet that first graced her virgin brow was withered, and she knew no second vow could ever bid it bloom again. Daily did she pray and weep at the sepulchre of the dead, strewing the grave with fragrant blossoms, from the divine armita to the humble rosemary and basil-tuft, and looking forward with meek confidence to the time when their spirits, bursting from their charnel-vault, would be reunited, and wing their way to eternity.

Time lingered on—Isa, the once light-hearted maid, with sinking heart and tearful eyes, now bitterly, day by day, mourned her lover's absence. Her faltering speech, her estranged look, her very beauty changed, showed too well how deep his memory was graven on her heart. The cypress-leaf was withering—unsoothed by rest or sleep,

death seemed approaching. Sometimes she would start from her feverish slumber, and in the fond but deceitful thought that he had returned, instinctively clasp to her panting bosom its disordered drape. Sometimes, too—for vague rumors of a battle had reached her—she beheld him, in her troubled dreams, on the field of blood, his cimeter flashing, his gallant steed springing to his touch, outnumbered, not outbraved, opposing despair to daring, his sabre shivering to the hilt. The groans of the dying, the shout of Allah Akbar, the cry of ravening vultures, sounded on her ears; she saw her lover blackening within her arms, parched and writhing in agony—his ashy lips approached hers. Maddening, and in torture, she awoke. Her dream had been too true—a wounded straggler from the field brought her the fatal news, that her soul's first and last idol had been missing after the murderous strife.

Azor had been foremost in the battle; with vigor more than human he animated all. His crimson hand had given bloody welcome to the foe; foiling the enemy's ranks, now reuniting his own; wounded, at last, he bent senseless over his saddlebow—a film swept across his eyes—with feeble and convulsive effort he raised the amulet to his parching lips, then, gasping, fell senseless to the ground. Across his dizzy brain came the vision of her, his heart's pure planet, shining above the waste of memory—stupor crept over his frame. The voices of the exulting foe soon woke him from his transient forgetfulness—he tried to spring all bleeding from the earth—his creese was raised to stab his war-horse, who now, masterless, was struggling to burst his bloody girth. A band of Arabs seized the chief, and he, his country's pride, was doomed to experience an exile's sorrow. Azor's sufferings were acute in mental as in bodily anguish; he lingered on a wretched existence; one dear thought still haunted him, but the expiring throb of hope was nearly over.

On the eighth morning, Maridah entered Isa's apartment, and, with a countenance brightened with unusual joy, awoke her suffering friend. "Rise, sister! rise; I've news will make this day most blessed to thee and me—see these lines from Azor, brought by a ransomed prisoner."

A faint scream escaped Isa's pallid lips; her heart throbbed high. Seizing the scroll, she pressed it to her lips; then, falling upon her

knees, from her heart's inmost core breathed a fervent prayer ; then, with a glow of rapture, she threw herself into Maridah's arms, wildly exclaiming, "Allah be praised ! he lives ! a captive—yet he lives."

Shahryar, whose territory was threatened by the powerful Abdallah, sought the alliance of the Calif Istkahar, unhappily one of the many slaves of Isa's charms. He had offered ransom for the captive, Azor ; the terms struck heavy upon a father's ears—they were the hand of his affianced child. In vain did his better nature, his paternal feeling, struggle with his people's welfare ; suffice it to say he consented to sacrifice his child. Isa heard his determination with calm resignation—even without a murmur. She saw but one way to extricate herself, and resolved to adopt it.

Istkahar was hourly expected at Merou ; the nuptials were to be celebrated in the most sumptuous manner. The morning arrived ; the rising sun seemed to visit with unusual splendor the polished domes, and fretted minarets, and stately towers. Like an eastern queen, decorated to receive her lord returning from triumphant warfare, so was the royal city arrayed in all her gala decorations ; and the young morning breeze sported joyously with ten thousand thousand banners, making them to flaunt and flicker with their gaudy folds, and to seem like living inhabitants of the deep azure of that Persian sky. The bridal cavalcade was one unbroken line of splendor to the beholder's eye—to Isa it was a melancholy funeral pageant. Through the apartments, rich with arabesque painting and gilding, flowers and censers breathing sweets, Isa roamed almost bewildered. To her it was a maze of light and loneliness—the pomp of the scene was in opposition to her feelings.

Paler than the marble pillar against which she leaned, Isa awaited the sacrifice ; her anxious friend Maridah was by her side, and privately conveyed to her a small casket, which Isa concealed within her vest. The spacious hall was now crowded ; the contract was read ; Isa's trembling fingers seized the pen, and signed the fatal deed. The tidings spread ; messengers were despatched to the Arab camp. The ceremony was proceeding. Isa was now called upon to pledge her vow at the altar ; she approached it with firm step, then taking the mysterious casket, was about to press it to her lips, when a thrilling cry of Azor reached her ear. Every eye turned toward

the corridor—there Azor stood, his desperate hand raised toward heaven, and, almost inflamed to madness, he shouted, “Isa! thy vow! by the remembrance of our once pure love!—thy vow!—heaven!—vengeance!”

“Oh, curse me not, dear Azor!” Isa wildly replied; “it was grief, it was madness caused it all. Doubt not, my love; when every hope was over, when frightful voices told me thou wert lingering in captivity, I thought but of thy freedom—I would have purchased thy ransom with my life—my brain gave way; and think how maddened I must have been, when, to save thee, I courted death! Be not deceived—death is the bridegroom that awaits me!”

Azor rushed forward, dashing the casket from her hand, sprang into her arms, and clasped her with speechless ecstasy.

Istikahar, who had witnessed this scene with intense interest, approached Isa, and, uniting her hand with Azor's, tore the contract. At this generous action the shouts of Allah echoed through the halls, the warrior's swords were pointed to heaven, while the harem's loveliness, waving their embroidered scarfs, made the air resound with the bridal song:—

“Mubarak bad! Mubarak bad!
Auspicious may your fortunes be;
And ever may your hearts, still glad,
Respond to nuptial revelry.
Mubarak bad! Mubarak bad!”

The ceremony proceeded; and never did earth behold a sight more beautiful, when, as the rays of heaven (descending on the altar) shed their holy beams upon each brow, they knelt before that shrine, at the foot of which she would have immolated herself—their hands clasped in one, thus fondly pledged to live and die together.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY J. E. P. ON SEEING THE PORTRAITS OF MRS. COSTER AND HER DAUGHTER.

A MOTHER'S LOVE! Ah, what can be
Of earth's affections half so holy,
From sin and selfishness so free,
So little tinged with human folly?

Look on that face, so calm, so mild!
What love beams forth in every feature!
Ah, thou shouldst treasure, lovely child,
The lessons of thy gentle teacher!

From her thou mayest learn to shun
The paths that lead to sin and sorrow;
And through the course thou hast to run,
Her bright example may'st thou borrow.

May peace upon ye both attend,
Fair gentle child and lovely mother;
When in this world your course shall end,
May ye be blessed in another!





THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

A TALE, BY AN ASSISTANT UNDERTAKER.

SOME people are by nature calculated for a particular calling, and I think I may safely assert that I was for the funeral trade. I well remember, when quite a lad, I used to trudge it long distances to see a fine burial. The tolling of a bell was music to me, and the shovelling of the gravel into the grave, good diversion. I delighted to be handling the old toothless skulls thrown up by the sexton's spade, and my playground was always in the churchyard alone.

In due time I was apprenticed to an undertaker in Broadway, and so ardently did I engage in my master's business, that I soon gained not only his entire confidence, but I may say that I was the favorite of the establishment. In fact I was soon promoted to act second to him at funerals, and to take the sole direction myself, in all cases during his absence.

One day my master came to me and said, "We've got a country job, Joey, and I must get you to drive the hearse—the widow is uncommon particular."

"Is she, sir?" said I, almost bursting with delight at the prospect of going out of town on a professional tour.

"Yes," replied my master; "her husband was a very fat gentleman, and she's much afraid to have him jolted. The funeral will go from Bleecker street the day after to-morrow, to * * * * * in Connecticut; but you will have to start to-morrow morning early, and not let the horse go off a walk. The funeral party will overtake you."

"Very well, sir," replied I.

"Be careful and don't jolt him, Joey," added he; "if you do, it might prove unpleasant, for he is a very *tender* subject."

"I understand, sir, and you may rely that I will not," said I, proudly.

It was just nine o'clock on a cold February morning that I started from Bleeker street with my solitary but silent passenger. I was occupied during the whole tedious day with my thoughts, and with marking the progress of my journey by different tavern-clocks, where I stopped to warm my fingers and administer comfort to the inward man. I had performed nearly two thirds of my journey when night overtook me, and the cold became more intense. Sometimes the moon peeped for a moment between dark and heavy clouds flying before a whistling wind, making the night look pitchy black and comfortless; but lighting a cigar, and between the puffs humming a tune, I felt as cheerful as a cricket in a hay-field. While thus proceeding with careful pace, I came in sight of a remarkably neat looking white tavern. The appearance of comfort and convenience, either for man or beast, tempted me to stop and take a rest. After seeing my horse and vehicle comfortably provided for in the shed, I took my way to the bar-room to order supper and get something to drink.

"What, Joey!" hallooed a voice as I entered the room; "is that you, my fine feller?"

"Yes," replied I, "it is; how are you, Harry Drinkal?"

"Pretty middlin, I thank you," rejoined he, "but a little out of luck."

It was one of our discharged apprentices, who had been in the business a long time; but nothing could keep him sober even at his jobs, and so at last he was turned off by the boss, and had, as I was told some time before, turned resurrectionist. Harry was a short and thick-set wiry-looking fellow, with a broad face, and a pair of small eyes sunk right under his shaggy brows. His mouth was the largest I ever saw, and, taking him all in all, he was about the ugliest chap to be seen in a month's march. By his side sat a fox-haired Irishman, tall, bony, and with the sinews of an ox shown in his bared and brawny arms; between his legs a white bulldog squatted; and, taking the three as a party, I never met with a rougher lot.

"This friend of mine," said Harry, "Mr. O'Brien, is a man always ready to fight and drink from sunrise to sunset."

"Troth, you may safely say so, whinever you please," observed Mr. O'Brien.

"I prefer drinking to fighting," I replied, "and, if you'll drink my health, I'll stand treat."

After two or three goes of brandy each, they became very talkative, and commenced letting me into their secrets.

"I suppose you know what we're about to-night?" whispered Harry.

"I can guess the trick you're up to," said I.

"Sacking a subject," replied he; "and the best stroke of trade that we've had since we took to the spade and pickaxe."

"And how's that?" I inquired.

"A smart young doctor, who is a walking saw-bone and amputation shop by himself, wants a subject for private use," replied Harry, "and, just for once in his life, wishes to see the performance of getting one out. So he has agreed to give a matter of ten dollars if we let him go along."

"It's a queer notion," observed I.

"Curiosity, sir, curiosity as pure as the real Irish whiskey," said Mr. O'Brien. "There's more money made out of curiosity than any other feeling in the world. To see a learned pig, or a man hung—it's curiosity that brings the people."

"He's a real out-and-out feel-osopher," remarked Harry. "The firm of Drinkal and O'Brien's no soft-soap concern," continued he, laughing, and giving his partner a heavy bang between his shoulders.

"Are you sure of success to-night?" inquired I.

"Certain," replied Harry. "We had information of a young female's being buried to-day not three miles from here, and the yard's nicely lonesome."

"I thought you said our customer was to join us here at ten o'clock," remarked Mr. O'Brien, as the clock in the bar-room struck that hour.

"Well, so I did," replied Harry. "I have no doubt the gentleman will be here presently."

"I'll go and get the horse put in, then," rejoined his partner; and with that he left the room.

Soon after his going away the door was thrown open, and in came a tall young man wrapped in a great wide cloak. He seemed somewhere about twenty years old, and was of a very pale countenance, with sharp, thin features.

"It's pretty near our time, sir," observed Harry, rising as the stranger entered the room.

"Yes," replied he; "but I'm hardly disposed to accompany you, the night's so wretched and cold."

"Never have a faint heart, sir," said Harry, encouragingly. "Take a glass of hot brandy-and-water; that's a lotion against cold."

"Are you now ready to start?" asked the gentleman.

"We shall be in a few minutes," replied Harry. "O'Brien's gone to bring the wagon round."

Mr. O'Brien, however, remained absent much longer than was expected, and when he returned he seemed to be quite warm. The perspiration stood on his face, and he was panting for breath.

"What the devil have you been about?" asked Harry.

"I forgot to bring the spades," replied he, "and I've had to run nearly two miles to borrow a couple of them."

"Forgot to bring the spades!" exclaimed Harry. "Why I —"

"No you didn't," interrupted Mr. O'Brien.

"But I say —"

"You didn't," again interrupted the Irishman, and I fancied he gave Harry a kind of wink.

"Oh, yes, perhaps you're right, perhaps you're right," returned Harry, and then he went into an extravagant fit of laughing. "Only to think," said he, "that I should forget the spades! What an oversight!" and then he haw-haw'd again.

I couldn't see anything in particular to laugh at myself, and I wondered what tickled him so. But I was young and green then.

"How soon do you start, Joey?" asked Harry of me.

"In about half an hour," I replied; "can't you wait for me; or ain't you going my way?"

"I expect you'll pass us," replied Harry. "But we must be off, s we have a full night's work; no doubt we shall see you again, presently."

With this the three left the house, and, climbing into a light wagon at the door, the horse bounded forward at a rapid pace.

I was soon afterward on the same road with my hearse. The cold increased with the night. A thin sleet fell, with some rain, and was blown into my face till I had no feeling left in it. Howling and

whistling through the leafless trees and hedges, the wind swept along, and nothing was heard above its roar but the bark of a dog now and then, and the harsh scream of a screech-owl, as she flapped her broad wing in the wintry blast.

I proceeded at a slow pace, and when I had got about three miles from the inn, I saw in the rays of the moon, which showed her face for a moment, the spire of a country church peeping above the top of a dark willow tree, and close to the road-side. Under the tree I saw a light move, and then it appeared to be put out. "That's Harry's dark lantern," said I to myself, and so it proved to be.

Upon stopping opposite the church, I heard the click of the spade at work, and, getting off my box, was directed toward the spot by the sound. When within a short distance of them, the dog, who was squatting on a sunken grave, gave a deep, threatening growl.

"Is that you, Joey?" inquired Mr. O'Brien.

"All right!" I replied.

"Down, Jowler, then, down, feller," replied his master. "If it had been anybody we didn't want to see," continued O'Brien, laughing, "he'd have drawn their windpipe out by this time."

By the side of a partly-opened grave, in which Harry was working, stood the young medical student, and, as I came near him, I knew he was either trembling with fear, or shivering with cold, for his teeth chattered together, so as to be heard some distance off. "Make haste," he said, impatiently; "I wish to God I had not come!"

"Don't get in the fidgets, sir," replied O'Brien; "Harry will soon get to her. Take a drop o' rum; it'll comfort the cockles of your buzzum, sir," continued he, offering the flask.

"No, no, no, I can't drink," rejoined he. "Make haste; pray let us leave here directly."

"As soon as possible, if you're in such a hurry," added O'Brien. "But in a snug, cozy place like this, I don't see any call for haste."

"I do, I do," returned the gentleman, quickly. "I *know* there's cause for haste."

"Pooh, pooh! you're a little bit scared, sir, that's all," added the Irishman. "Ha, ha, ha! how asy some folks are frightened! Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing;" and his loud peal echoed through the place, until every gravestone seemed to throw back the sound.

"I say, you Paddy," called a voice from below.

"Well, and what have you to say?" inquired O'Brien, leaning over the edge of the grave.

"We're in the wrong box," replied Harry. "This is a real stale one, and no mistake."

The Irishman, hearing this, stamped his feet with rage, and cursed like a fiend.

"Hush!" exclaimed the young gentleman, springing to his side; "do hold your tongue."

"Ain't it enough to make a dumb infant swear?" returned O'Brien. "Are ye sure it's too ripe, Harry?" inquired he.

"I'm not certain," replied his partner, "but the box looks so."

After a short pause O'Brien lowered some grappling irons attached to a rope into the grave, and told Harry to fix them in the shroud; "for," said he, "you'll be a week in making up your mind about her."

"I'm very doubtful, certainly," replied Harry; "but there you are, all right; pull away."

Hand over fist the Irishman tugged the corpse to the verge of the grave, and, taking it in his arms, threw it across his bent knee upon the ground.

"She won't do," said he, putting his hand into a side pocket, and taking out a hammer. "But she's got some good grinders for the dentist;" and, holding the lantern close to the body's face, he struck the mouth sharply, crushing in the jaw.

A shriek, wild and piercing, burst close to my ear as the hammer fell. "My God! My God!" exclaimed a voice, and, jumping a yard at a single bound, the young gentleman fastened a grip like a tiger upon the throat of the Irishman. In a moment he was hurled to the ground, like a bull-dog shaking a rat from him.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" said O'Brien.

"The matter!" screamed the medical student. "The matter!" and then he rolled upon the earth, as though in liquid fire. "Ha, ha, ha!" but the laugh was more horrid than his shrieks.

"By Saint Patrick!" said O'Brien, "he's gone clean mad."

"Would to Heaven that I was!" hallooed the gentleman. "Would to Heaven that I was! for then ——"

He could say no more, but fell into a fit by the side of the corpse, apparently with as little of life left in him.

Thinking his noise might disturb the neighborhood, I didn't wait an instant longer, but, running as fast as I could out of the yard, mounted my hearse, and started again with my load. I learned a few days afterward that they had mistaken the grave, and that the body dug up was that of the young gentleman's *own mother*!

The next morning, after my arrival at the place where the funeral was to go from, and just as we were ready to start for the grave, in our best plumes and feathers, a letter was put in my hands, marked "*in haste*." Upon breaking it open, you may think of my astonishment when I read the — but here is the letter:

"DEAR JOSEPH: I'm almost busting with larfin to think how you will be laft at when our go of last night comes to be known. But as you have always been a first-rate fellow, and treated me like a gentleman, I won't let it get you into trouble if so be you're not a fool, and I reckon you ain't. Now, Joey, take a friend's advice. Be par-tickler in telling the fellows to draw your load with an old nurse's care from the hearse, for if they shake him, mark my words, Joey, he'll rattle like marbles in a saucepan. And if so be any of the mourners hear the row, they may take it into their obstinate heads to call for a screwdriver. In this case, my fine feller, you'd get very wrongfully suspected of foul play, as all you'd see on the box being opened, would be a few dozen large stones from the stable, put there in place of your fat passenger by my shrewd partner, Mr. O'Brien. Joey, you may think I'm lying, but I'm not when I say, if I'd known of his plan aforehand it shouldn't have happened. However, what's done can't be undone, and all you've got to do is, mind and not have the box shaken, that's all.

"HARRY DRINKAL."

It may be easily supposed that I had a sort of a queerish sensation at this piece of news. All manner of fancies came over me. The old widow, thought I, will insist on having just one last look before he's covered up. Then I feared we should have an upset, a slip, or a rope snap. All possible events for finding me out in the quandary were chewed very fine in my brain, and as I got upon the hearse to join in the procession, no poor fellow ever mounted a much more uneasy seat in this world or the other, I know. As in a good many

other affairs, appearances being against me, no one would credit the truth in case the exchange was discovered; and all my hopes and prospects of course depended on the secret remaining snug and secure.

On our way to the churchyard, things went smooth enough. I was more gentle than a lamb with my horse, especially round the near corners, for, thought I, if one or two of them stones get loose, they'll find me out to a certainty.

"Be careful, Sammy," said I to one of the men, as he unfastened the hearse door; "be careful, Sammy. The lady particklerly ordered that he wasn't to be jolted."

"Pooh!" growled Sammy, in a loudish whisper, "I dare say you smacked him out here at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and spent the rest of the time at the taverns along the road."

"At no expense of yours, if I did," replied I, indignantly.

"Well, then, I'll be careful," said he sarcastically, and at the same time giving the coffin such a pull that sent all the blood tingling to my toes.

Desperation makes a man beside himself. Without thinking of the consequences, but only of the likelihood of Sammy's violence letting the cat out of the bag, I leaped off my seat, and, throwing the reins across my horse, rushed to what I may call the rescue.

"Drop that as you would a hot potato," cried I, clutching hold of the coffin.

"Damn your impudence!" hallooed Sammy, planting a left-handed whack just in the middle of my pin-cushion. "Put that in your pipe," said he.

Down I tumbled backward, and lay sprawling in the road. Our master, who was standing with the old widow and the other members of the fat old gentleman's family, at some little distance off, saw there was something going on, and came running toward us like a lamp-lighter.

"What's all this about, eh?" asked he; "what's all this about?"

Now Sammy was as artful a fellow as ever was picked, and seeing I couldn't speak a word, said he, "Sir, I'm sorry to say Joey's drunk."

"Drunk!" exclaimed he, fixing a look upon me that I shall never

forget ; "drunk at a job like this ! Oh, Joey ! what an ungrateful boy you are !"

"I'm not, sir," replied I as well as I could, but each word seemed to prove to the contrary. "I'm not drunk, sir. Sammy's hit me because I wanted to see your orders obeyed, and he wouldn't do them."

"Shut up your noise," returned my master ; "I'll see into this business by-and-by."

After the performance was over, there was a regular sort of trial, and my story being believed, Sammy was cleared out. My master, thinking a good thing might be made out of the morning's rumpus, went with his best business-face to the family, and made out that I was one of the tenderest-hearted boys in the world, who couldn't tamely sit by and see the affectionate feelings of a devoted lady outraged. With a little more lingo, he so scraped upon the catgut of the old widow, that she sent me a five-dollar gold piece, and a message to bid me remember "that one kind turn often brings another."

As near as I can recollect, it was just two months after this funeral of the box of stones, that we had a job to take a body out of the Lunatic Asylum. The day was very wet and doleful-looking. A thick fog hung in one dense cloud from house-tops to the damp and greasy stones. A drizzling rain fell, and the air seemed to drill itself through your wheezing lungs. Cold and wet, we arrived at the island in a boat.

"What's this 'sylum built for?" asked one of our green chaps.

"I expect it's for people who've lost their wits," I replied.

"Are we going, then, to bury one of them?" asked he.

"Yes," said I ; "we're just about putting the finishing stroke to that which the horrors began."

As I was screwing down the lid of the coffin, I entered into conversation with one of the keepers, who told me the history of the deceased. "He was a fine young man," said the keeper, "a young doctor practising anatomy, and, wanting a subject, he went with some resurrectionists to raise one somewhere up in Westchester. Not knowing where they were going to, you may guess his surprise when he found himself in the churchyard of his own native village. The horrors now began to creep upon him, and he tried to persuade them

to leave the place, but 'No, no!' was the answer, 'not until we fill our bag.'

"It is a most singular and remarkable circumstance," continued the keeper, "that these fellows should have made a mistake, and the first body they dug up was no other than the young gentleman's maternal parent, who had been buried some seven weeks."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, remembering the circumstance of the night, with which the reader is acquainted; "and what followed?"

"From that moment the young fellow became daft," rejoined the keeper, "and in two weeks after the event he was brought here by his friends. He has never spoken during the last six weeks. Indeed, his is a melancholy end!"

THE UNHAPPY UNION.

THE fate of Fanny F. made a strong impression upon my mind. I have known few women of more amiable dispositions, more accomplished, or more capable of rendering a man of sense and sentiment happy, and of being rendered happy by him.

Her great weakness lay in her having too little reliance in her own judgment, and being too pliant to the importunity of others. She was persuaded by her relations to marry Mr. Bond, a young man, who, by the death of an elder brother, had acquired an immense fortune. Her relations assured her that "he was the best young man in the world;" and when she confessed to them, that in spite of his good qualities, it was impossible for her to meet with a man for whom she could feel more indifference: she was told that it was an objection of no importance, because she might come to like him more, but would never like him less, which was an advantage many married women did not enjoy.

Mr. Bond was a great observer of decorum and uniformity, and particularly fond of whatever was new. As he had taken a wife, which was quite a new thing to him, he resolved to have other parts of his establishment as new as her, to please himself.

He therefore took a new house, ordered new furniture, new carriages, new liveries, caused his old pictures, particularly a holy family, by Raphael, to be new varnished, and he exchanged an antique statue which his father had brought from Rome, for one a great deal newer.

He rejected the proposal of having some old family jewels to be new set for his wife, and ordered others for her, all spick and span new ; in short, everything he presented her with, was new, except his ideas : of these he had but a scanty proportion ; and what few he had, were worn threadbare by use.

The frequent repetitions of observations not worth making, was rather tiresome to the most patient of his acquaintance, but to his wife became oppressive.

As young Mr. Bond lived as well, according to the phrase, as most men, he had abundance of visitors. His house was peculiarly convenient to some of his wife's relations who were fond of entertainments, and to whom it was more agreeable to enjoy them in their friends' houses, than in their own. Poor Fanny was thought by some to have been made a sacrifice to this taste of her nearest relations ; for whatever happiness they might have in her house, she had none. She was miserable, however, in a different style to other unfortunate people ; not from want, but from superabundance : she had a profusion of everything, and seemed to have a relish for nothing. There were few things of which she had a greater share, and for which she had a smaller relish, than her husband's company.

When first I knew Fanny F., she lived with her mother in a frugal manner, and she was one of the most cheerful girls I was ever acquainted with.

When I visited her after her marriage, I found her in a house like a palace, surrounded with gaudy superfluity ; but she herself with a face of languor and dejection. At sight of me, her features were enlivened : I recognised the countenance of my old companion ; but, her husband coming in, it resumed its former dejection. Nothing, to be

sure, could be more teasingly ceremonious than the behavior, or more oppressively insipid than the conversation, of this worthy man. His wife blushed as often as he spoke. She made one attempt to get rid of him, by putting him in mind of an engagement. "There would be more impropriety," said he, "in leaving you and this lady, my dear, than in breaking the engagement." I entreated he might use no ceremony. He said, "he understood politeness better."

When I saw the case desperate, I rose to withdraw. He led me through several rooms to exhibit his new-colored pictures, and the splendor of the furniture. "You see, madam," said he, addressing me, "that your friend is in possession of everything that can render a woman happy." The tears started into my poor friend's eyes, and I hurried away, that she might not see I had perceived it.

If I had not been so determined before, this example would have made me resolve never to be the wife of a man I did not both love and esteem in a supreme degree, whatever his wealth and his good nature might be.

Unquestionably, instances may be produced of women who have been rendered unhappy by husbands whom they both loved and esteemed at the time of their marriage ; but even those women, though on the whole, unfortunate, had enjoyment for a certain period at least, whereas poor Mrs. Bond has never had a day free from tedium since that of her marriage. Her hours, which formerly danced away as lightly as those of Guido's Aurora, now move at a snail's pace along a heavy, cheerless road. Good sense, generosity, and spirit, with humanity, are indispensable requisites in a husband.

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF BEAUTY.

It is difficult to form any *punctual* notions of beauty. Qualities of personal attraction, the most opposite imaginable, are each looked upon as beautiful in different countries, or by different people in the same country. "That which is deformity at Paris, may be beauty at Pekin!"

———"Beauty, thou wild fantastic ape,
Who dost in every country change thy shape;
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white!"

The frantic lover sees "Helen's beauty in an Egyptian brow." The black teeth, the painted eyelids, the plucked eyebrows, of the Chinese fair, have admirers; and should their feet be large enough to walk upon, their owners are regarded as monsters of ugliness. The Lilliputian dame is the *beau ideal* of perfection in the eyes of a northern gallant; while in Patagonia they have a Polyphemus-standard of beauty. Some of the North American nations tie four boards round the heads of their children, and thus squeeze them, while the bones are yet tender, into a *square* form. Some prefer the form of a sugar-loaf; others have a quarrel with the natural shortness of the ears, and therefore from infancy those are drawn down upon the shoulders!

With the modern Greeks, and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean, *corpulency* is the perfection of form in a woman; and those very attributes which disgust the western European, form the attractions of an oriental fair. It was from the common and admired shape of *his* countrywomen, that Rubens in his pictures delights so much in a vulgar and odious plumpness: when this master was desirous to represent the "beautiful," he had no idea of beauty under two hundred weight. His very Graces are all fat.

The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which color most becomes it. We account red hair an abomination; but in the time of Elizabeth it found admirers, and

was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired ; and the Venetian ladies at this day counterfeit yellow hair.

But where are we to detect its especial *source* of power ? Often forsooth in a dimple, sometimes beneath the shade of an eyelid, or perhaps among the recesses of a little fantastic curl ! The fit of admiration seizes us without warning, and either disposition, or our weakness, favors the surprise. One look, one glance, may fix and determine us.

Few are there that can withstand "the sly smooth witchcraft of a fair young face."—"It calls the cynic from his tub to woo." Led by no sense as they are by the eyes, you may see the most sober men content to lock up their wishes in the meshes of a little auburn hair. Many could demonstrate to perfection the eligibility of freedom to servitude, and yet are practically too weak to resist the sensual allurements of some pretty casuist : a touch, soft as the brush from the pinions of the dove, winds them to her purpose.

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair !"

We seek not here to revolt the enthusiasm of any man, or to warp any natural bias that may be felt toward the daughters of men ; yet how far an unmitigated dotage upon beauty is reasonable, no one in his sober senses can hesitate to decide. 'Tis a composition we can all admire ; it exists doubtless for peculiar ends ; but let it maintain its legitimate influence, and be bounded there. The privilege of being first heard, it is always likely to have ; but must it always continue to take place of everything, ordinary and extraordinary ?

"For what admirest thou, what transports thee so ?
An outside ? Fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love —
Not thy subjection !"

Yet this influence, vast as it is, is but for a while ; it is "a short-lived tyranny." It is an electrifier, the power of which only endures while an adventitious property abides with it. The holyday-time of beauty has its date, and 'tis the penalty of nature that girls must fade and wither, as their grandmothers have done before them.

The venerable abbey, and aged oak, are the more beautiful in their decay ; and many are the charms around us, both of art and nature, that may still linger *and please*. The breaking wave is most graceful at the moment of its dissolution ; the sun, when setting, is still beautiful and glorious, and though the longest day must have its evening, yet is the evening as beautiful as the morning ; the light deserts us, but it is to visit us again ; the rose retains after-charms for sense, and though it fall into decay, it renews its glories at the approach of another spring. But for woman there is no second May ! "*Stat sua suique dies.*" To each belongs her little day ; and time, that gives new whiteness to the swan, gives it not unto woman !

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

LIKE the olive-tree—said to fertilize the surrounding soil—there are some few ministering angels in female guise among us all and about our paths, who sweetly serve to cheer and adorn life. Our amusements are insipid unless they contribute to them ; our efforts of noblest ambition feeble, unless they applaud—its rewards valueless, unless they share them ! There are, too, some rude spirits in the world, whose bolder nature female influence admirably serves to refine and temper ; and perhaps it is not an extreme eulogium of the poet—that without that influence many a man had been "a brute indeed !" The concurrence of both sexes is as necessary to the perfection of our being, as to the existence of it : man may make a fine melody, but woman is also required to make up harmony !

SELFISHNESS.

IF, in the wide catalogue of human faults, there be one more than another which we would cover with our hand as the most unsightly blot upon human nature, it is the vice of selfishness. There are faults that may be wept over, but this is not one of them ; and crimes, springing directly from the passions, seem almost venial compared with that habitual, undisguised self-worship which is the offspring of a mean soul. 'Tis a blemish that stands out grossly to the eye—more

"Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or ANY taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inherits our frail blood !"

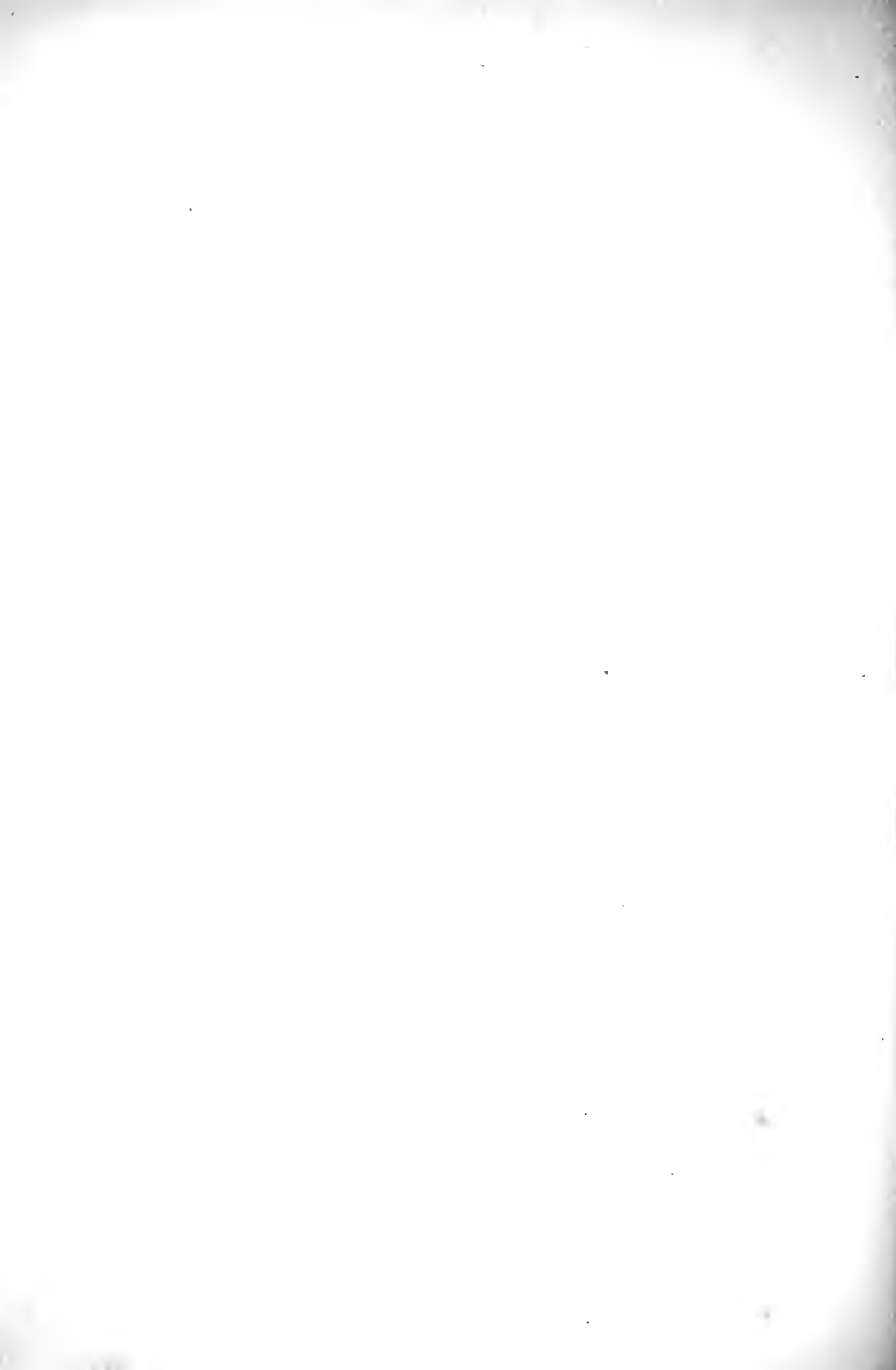
LINES ON SEEING A PORTRAIT
OF THE
COUNTESS DE CALABRELLA.

LADY, ere now my harp has sung
The brave, the beautiful, and young;
But form and face like thine demand
A master's mind—a master's hand,
And whose the hand may fitly twine
A wreath for beauty such as thine?
And who may sing what "knights" to thee
Have breathed the vow and bent the knee?
Or, trembling on thy glance wait
To read the sentence of their fate?

The soul refined, the mental grace,
That shine transparent in thy face;
The ambush, 'mid those sunny tresses,
Where Love his potent spell confesses,
The eye, the cheek, the lip, declare
The stamp that seraph natures bear.

Such forms, perchance, may gild the dream,
And sparkle in the poet's theme;
But few are they, and far apart,
Can fix, like thee, the knightly heart,
And teach the vassals in their train
To glory in a "captive's chain,"





THE UNKNOWN STUDENT.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF BOHEMIA.

THERE is something inexpressibly fearful in the history of the Thirty Years' War for the extirpation of protestantism in Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, under the second Ferdinand. The horrible bigotry of this emperor can scarcely be conceived. In Bohemia, especially, never in the world was there such a butchery—a deep, deadly, and persevering butchery of the people! From end to end of the country marched great armies, overwhelming every attempt at resistance by the outraged people; and in their train, from village to village, and from house to house, went the Jesuits, with troops of dragoons, to convert the survivors to the holy mother church. The command was to forsake heresy, and be converted; the arguments were bullets, and the refusal, death. Hence comes the phrase of “dragooning people” into anything. The whole land was one amphitheatre of martyrdom. The people fought, and often conquered, but in vain; and then issued forth that strange apparition—the Unknown Student. What a singular episode is his advent in the history of this war! His real name and origin were unknown, and will always remain so. He had all the reckless enthusiasm of the student; the zeal of the hero or the saint; and the eloquence which tingles in the ears of wronged men, and runs through the quick nerves like fire. Solemn and mysterious, he stood forth in the hour of need, like a spirit from heaven. The wondering people gathered round him, listened, and followed with shouts to victory. They stood in the field of Gmunden, in the face of the magnificent Salzburg Alps. The Unknown Student was in the midst of them; and, pointing to the lake, the forests, the hills, and the glittering alpine summits above and around them, he asked if they would not fight for so glorious a land, and for the simple and true hearts in those rocky fastnesses? In the camp of Pappenheim (Ferdinand's general) they

heard the fiery words of his harangue ; they heard the vows which burst forth like the voice of the sea in reply, and the hymn of faith which followed. From rock, ravine, and forest, rushed forth the impetuous peasant thousands ; and even the veterans of Pappenheim could not sustain the shock. The right wing scattered and fled ; the peasant army, with the Unknown Student at their head, pursuing and hewing them down. There was a wild flight to the very gates of Gmunden. Then came back the fiery Unknown with his flushed thousands. He threw himself on the left wing of Pappenheim with the fury of a lion. There was a desperate struggle ; the troops of Pappenheim wavered, victory hung on the uplifted sword of the Unknown Student, when a ball struck him, and his rôle was played out. His head, hoisted on a spear, was a sign of shivering dismay to his followers. They fled, leaving on the field four thousand of their fellows dead ; Pappenheim and extermination in their rear.

What a picture is that which the historians draw of the horrors which this so-called religious war inflicted on all Germany ! Some of them reckon that the half, and others that two thirds, of the whole population perished in it. In Saxony alone, within two years, nine hundred thousand men were destroyed. In Bohemia, at the time of Ferdinand's death, before the last exterminating campaign of Torstenson and Banner, the Swedish generals, the population was sunk to a fourth. Augsburg, which before had eighty thousand inhabitants, had then only eighteen thousand ; and all Germany in proportion. In Berlin were only three hundred burghers left. The prosperity of the country was for a long period destroyed. Not only did hands fail, and the workshops lie in ashes, but the spirit and diligence of trade were transferred to other lands.

After thirty years of battles, burnings, murders, and diseases, Germany no longer looked like itself, and it is estimated that ten millions of its inhabitants had been exterminated ! The proud nation was changed into a miserable mob of beggars and thieves. Famishing peasants, cowardly citizens, lewd soldiers, rancorous priests, and effeminate nobles, were the miserable remains of the great race which had perished.

The atrocities which had been committed in this war were unexampled. In the storming of Magdeburg, the soldiers had amused themselves, as a relaxation from their wholesale horrors perpetrated on the

adults, with practising tortures on children. One man boasted that he had tossed twenty babies on his spear. Others they roasted alive in ovens; and others they pinned down in various modes of agony, and pleased themselves with their cries as they sat and ate. Writers of the time describe thousands dying of exhaustion; numbers as creeping naked into corners and cellars, in the madness of famine falling upon, tearing each other to pieces, and devouring each other; children being devoured by parents, and parents by children; many tearing up bodies from the graves, or seeking the pits where horse-killers threw their carcasses, for the carrion, and even breaking the bones for the marrow, after they were full of worms! Thousands of villages lay in ashes; and, after the war, a person might in many parts of Germany go fifty miles in almost any direction without meeting a single man, a head of cattle, or a sparrow; while in another, in some ruined hamlet, you might see a single old man and a child, or a couple of old women. "Ah, God!" says an old chronicler, "in what a miserable condition stand our cities! Where before were thousands of streets, there now were not hundreds. The burghers by thousands had been chased into the water, hunted to death in the woods, cut open and their hearts torn out, their ears, noses, and tongues, cut off, the soles of their feet opened, straps cut out of their backs; women, children, and men, so shamefully and barbarously used, that it is not to be conceived. How miserable stand the little towns, the open hamlets! There lie they, burnt, destroyed, so that neither roof, beam, door, nor window, is to be seen. The churches? they have been burnt, the bells carried away, and the most holy places made stables, market-houses, and worse of—the very altars being purposely defiled and heaped with filth of all kinds." Whole villages were filled with dead bodies of men, women, and children, destroyed by plague and hunger, with quantities of cattle which had been preyed on by dogs, wolves, and vultures, because there had been no one to mourn or to bury them. Whole districts, which had been highly cultivated, were again grown over with wood; families who had fled, on returning after the war, found trees growing on their hearths; and even now, it is said, foundations of villages are in some places found in the forests, and the traces of ploughed lands. It is the fixed opinion that to this day Germany, in point of political freedom and the progress of public art and wealth, feels the disastrous consequences of this war.

THE WITCHES' WASH-BASIN.

BY J. CATHERWOOD, M. D.

THE Brocken is one of the wildest and highest habitable points of the Harz mountains in Germany. It was no doubt its superlatively savage character which, thousands of years ago, made the wild natives pitch upon it as the altar-place of their gods, and add there horrors of a cruel superstition to the furies of the elements. The blood which for ages flowed on its craggy and bleak heights, and the thrilling cries of human victims, and the horns and drums of the ruthless priests, have sunk into the hearts of the people hereabout with a force that neither time nor education has been able to eradicate. They believe, as firmly as they believe in their God, that all the evil spirits of the world assemble upon the Brocken at stated times. The great altar of the ancients has been converted by them into "the Devil's Pulpit;" and the place where the pagan dances were celebrated, and the hollow stone where the priests washed away the gore of the sacrifice, have assumed the equally characteristic names of the "Witches' Dance-Place," and the "Witches' Wash-Basin."

Some of the more shrewd of the inhabitants of this region, who "live by their wits," in entertaining the numerous visitors from all parts of the civilized world, take the utmost pains to confirm the various legends of the place; and as "the Brocken" has occupied a large space in countless books of European travellers, I can not refrain from relating an anecdote, which accidentally came under my own observation, relative to the wonderful peculiarities of the Witches' Wash-Basin.

Two English gentlemen—one of them with a very large volume of "Travels in Germany" under his arm—inquired, on entering the Brocken House, for the Witches' Wash-Basin, whither they were im-

mediately conducted. Arrived at it, they tasted the water which had collected from several days' rain and fog in this scooped-out stone, and pronounced it insipid. Whereupon they returned again to the house, and were shown to their room. Soon after, one of them, provided with a mug and napkin, returned to the Witches' Wash-Basin, scooped out the water, and wiped the hollow quite dry with a cloth; and this business being satisfactorily finished, returned to his room. In pursuance of her duty, a serving-maid, who noticed this proceeding, took the earliest opportunity to replenish the hollow stone with fresh water, the moment she could do so unobserved. After the gentleman had had some coffee and eggs, he set out again to the Witches' Wash-Basin, when he found, to his great delight, that the water during his absence, and in the brightest atmosphere and sunshine, had again collected! He then fetched his mug, drank some of this fresh water, and pronounced it superlatively excellent. Once more he scooped it out, and posted himself, watch in hand, in order precisely to determine in what time the basin would again fill itself. As soon as this fact was known, some one rushed out of the Brocken House with loud and fearful cries toward the Wolken-Häuschen. The philosopher at the Witches' Wash-Basin seeing this, and imagining that something very remarkable had happened, left the observation of the basin for a few moments; when the same maid, who was watching her opportunity, filled it a second time. On his return, he was delighted to find that in exactly ten minutes and forty seconds the water had re-collected itself. He now ordered a table and chair, paper, pen, and ink, to be brought, in order to note down the minutest particulars of this great natural wonder; and while writing his article, he protested in the most solemn manner that his book of travels should at least on this point be most distinct in its description of so wonderful a phenomenon! Therefore he asserted that this was the greatest curiosity which he had seen in his travels in Germany, and that it alone was a sufficient inducement to an ascent of the Brocken. He lamented only that this remarkable stone should receive so little attention; it ought, he suggested, to have a little house built over it, and the water only appropriated to curative purposes.

I will only add that this profound philosopher was left in possession of his faith; the consequences of which have been, that most of his

countrymen have always eagerly inquired for the Witches' Wash-Basin, and admired it as a wonderful rarity. One disadvantage resulted from this in dry weather ; as it was then necessary to keep the maid constantly employed in watching the place.

THE YOUNG LADY AND THE WIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

A LADY should appear to think well of books, rather than to speak well of them ; she may show the engaging light that good taste and sensibility always diffuse over conversation ; she may give instances of great and affecting passages, because they show the fineness of her imagination, or the goodness of her heart ; but all criticism, beyond this, sits awkwardly upon her. She should know more than she displays, because it gives her unaffected powers in discourse ; for the same reason that a man's efforts are easy and firm, when his action requires not his full strength. She should, by habit, form her mind to the noble and pathetic ; and she should have an acquaintance with the fine arts, because they enrich and beautify the imagination ; but she should carefully keep them out of view in the shape of learning, and let them run through the easy vein of unpremeditated thought ; for this reason, she should seldom use, and not always appear to understand, the *terms of art* ; the gentlemen will occasionally explain them to her. I knew a lady of address, who, when any term of art was mentioned, always turned to the gentleman she had a mind to compliment, and, with uncommon grace, asked him the meaning ; by this means, she gave men the air of superiority they like so well, while she held them in chains. No humor can be more delicate than this, which plays upon the tyrant, who requires an acknowledgment of superiority of sense, as well as power, from the weaker sex !

A lady sporting her learning, and introducing her verses upon all occasions, reminds one of a woman, who has a fine hand and arm, a pretty foot, or a beautiful set of teeth, and who is not satisfied with letting them appear as nature and custom authorize, but is perpetually intruding her separate perfections into notice. If a woman neglects the duties of her family and the care of her children—if she is less amiable as a wife, mother, or mistress, because she has talents or acquirements, it would be far better if she were without them; and when she displays that she has more knowledge than her husband, she shows, at least, that no woman can have less sense than herself.

There is no great need of enforcing upon an unmarried lady the necessity of being agreeable; nor is there any great art requisite in a youthful beauty to enable her to please. Nature has multiplied attractions around her. Youth is in itself attractive. The freshness of budding beauty needs no aid to set it off; it pleases merely because it is fresh, and budding, and beautiful. But it is for the married state that a woman needs the most instruction, and in which she should be most on her guard to maintain her powers of pleasing. No woman can expect to be to her husband all that he fancied her when a lover. Men are always duped, not so much by the arts of the sex, as by their own imaginations. They are always wooing goddesses, and marrying mere mortals. A woman should, therefore, ascertain what was the charm that rendered her so fascinating when a girl, and endeavor to keep it up when she has become a wife. One great thing undoubtedly was, the chariness of herself and her conduct, which an unmarried female always observes. She should maintain the same niceness and reserve in her person and habits, and endeavor still to preserve a freshness and delicacy in the eye of her husband. She should remember that the province of a woman is to be wooed, not to woo; to be caressed, not to caress. Man is an ungrateful being in love; bounty loses rather than wins him.

TO MRS. MABERLY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE music of the wakened lyre,
Dies not upon the quivering strings,
Nor burns alone the minstrel's fire
Upon the lip that trembling sings;
Nor shines the moon in heaven unseen,
Nor shuts the flower its fragrant cells,
Nor sleeps the fountain's wealth, I ween,
For ever in its sparry wells—
The spells of the enchanter lie
Not on his own lone heart—his own rapt ear and eye.

I look upon thy face as fair
As ever made a lip of heaven
Falter amid its music-prayer!
The first-lit star of summer even
Springs not so softly on the eye,
Nor grows, with watching, half so bright,
Nor mid its sisters of the sky,
So seems of heaven the dearest light—
Men murmur where that face is seen,
My youth's angelic dream was of that look and mien.

Yet though we deem the stars are blest,
And envy, in our grief, the flower
That bears but sweetness in its breast,
And fear th' enchanter for his power,
And love the minstrel for the spell
He winds out of his lyre so well—
The stars are almoners of light,
The lyrist of melodious air,
The fountain of its waters bright,
And everything most sweet and fair
Of that by which it charms the ear,
The eye of him that passes near—
A lamp is lit in woman's eye
That souls, else lost on earth, remember angels by.





THE BETROTHED.

BY A. R. CLEVELAND, A. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE RIDE.

It is now nearly fifteen years since the events I'm about to relate took place. I shall not trouble you with the details of my family history, or the chain of events which placed me, at the age of nineteen, a student in Hamilton college, in the State of New York ; sufficient to say that such was my position at the time I am now about referring to.

About a year after my advent at college, I formed a strong friendship with a young brother student of the name of Campbell, a frank, kind, and generous fellow. In truth, a more perfect young man I never knew. With one of the strongest frames, he had even an almost feminine delicacy of appearance, so nicely proportioned was each limb and muscle. With the spirit of a lion, his heart was tender as a woman's, and his features bore the stamp of an honorable mind and rectitude of principle.

Both of us were passionately fond of country rambles, and it was frequently our custom to ride abroad on horseback, seeking and finding adventures, which a sober denizen of a town might envy.

It was a morning in March. The rough, burly wind swept hummily through branch and through bough, " piping before the flowers like a bacchanal." Heavy dew hung upon the greensward, glittering in the glad sunshine, and the songs of birds, trilled in wild delight, rang merrily through meadow, copse, and wild. Spring, smiling, pretty spring, was dancing in her early, unfolding loveliness. Flowers peeped from their frosted trance, and welcomed their mistress as she

pressed each bud and blossom. The bee stole from his almost store-less hive, and recommenced his busy, thrifty task. Things that love the summer hailed the herald of their joy, and revelled in nature's freshly-decked beauty.

We had ridden several miles from College Hill, when we suddenly came near to an Indian mound, so common in that part of the country, and were somewhat surprised at seeing a lady sitting alone upon it, attired in a green riding-habit, and holding the rein of a beautiful white horse, cropping the grass at her feet. There was something strange in the expression of her features as we met her gaze, although more beautiful man's eyes never rested on. Her hair, black as the raven's wing, was looped in two thick braids on each side of her face, radiant with loveliness. Her dark thick brows arched above a pair of hazel eyes, that flashed again as they seemed to penetrate the object of their regard; and her complexion rivalled the half-blown rose that she was carelessly pulling to pieces leaf by leaf, and letting them fall scattering in the wind. Her figure was tall and slight, but the tight habit showed a bust exquisitely moulded, and there was something inexpressibly strange in her intense and almost fiery glance, which fixed our attention upon her.

"Who can she be?" exclaimed Campbell.

"Heaven knows!" replied I, "but there'll be no difficulty in learning. I'm only astonished that we've not heard of her before."

"Heard of her before!" repeated Campbell, involuntarily. "She can not reside near, or we *must* have heard of her," continued he, portraying by his manner an extraordinary interest concerning the fair stranger.

"Here comes somebody who doubtless can inform us," said I, seeing old Morgan, the well-known purveyor of the college, approaching.

"Ay," returned Campbell, "that old fellow is acquainted with every one, from the minister to the bell-ringer, within a circle of twenty miles. We will sound him upon this subject," continued he, spurring his horse toward the old man.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Morgan, taking the cap from his bald and frosted head, and saluting our approach. "A beautiful oily wind from the south; only a *leetle* too much of it, gentlemen."

"There's a young lady, dressed in green, sitting on the mound

yonder," said Campbell, pointing to the spot where he had seen her ; "perhaps she will join us in our ride. Do you know who she is ?"

"Know who she is, sir !" said Morgan, "that I do ; there can be only one of her sort in this county."

"What do you mean ?" I inquired.

"I haven't much time to talk about her," replied he, pulling out his watch, "but I'll tell you her name. It is Miss Alice Grey ; and a nicer lady never lived anywhere, although some folks think her ways rather odd, and, perhaps, they are, seeing that they are different to most ladies. She lives about five miles from here, in a very old, queer-shaped building, and is quite her own mistress, being without father and mother ever since her childhood, and no one ever seeing after her, except an old woman, provided by a gentleman called her guardian, I believe. Miss Alice doesn't visit many of her neighbors—folks say because she can't sing, play, and dance like other young ladies of quality. But, Lord, gentlemen," continued Morgan, turning his eyes to Heaven, "if you'd only heard her sing, as I have once or twice at sunrise, you'd say it was really angelical. However, it's quite true that she doesn't go to parties, or give any, but keeps herself to herself, and seems to think of nothing but doing all the good she can to everybody, everywhere. There's not a poor person anywhere round here that knows what it is to want. Her bounty never comes to a check, but is always the same on a right scent. And then her riding ! But if she is going your way, you'll have a sample o' that, gentlemen. She goes like a pigeon ! Is she on a white horse ?" inquired he.

"Yes," replied Campbell.

"Ah ! that's her mare Moonbeam—that is," rejoined Morgan, "and a most splendid animal she is, too, only a little skittish for the lady."

At this moment, to our surprise, Squire Merton came suddenly in sight, and without hardly deigning to bow to us, went and saluted Miss Grey. She thereupon mounted on her snowy horse, at the same time causing the squire to laugh immoderately at something she said to him.

"She's a wonderful favorite of the squire's," said Morgan in an under tone, baring his head and bowing as the two rode toward us.

"Well, Morgan," said the young lady, in one of the most musical

voices I had ever heard, and looking archly at the old man, "shall we have a pleasant ride to-day? Is the ground too dry or too wet? or is the wind from the frigid north? or which of the many ills, to which blank and bloodless days are prone, may be ascribed to this?"

"Not one, I hope, ma'am," replied Morgan, smiling, "and the mare I hope she will behave herself—though, 'pon my word, I am sometimes afraid of Moonbeam when I see you ride."

"Psha!" exclaimed the lady, "she's as gentle as a lamb—she knows the gait of her mistress;" and switching the animal into a racer's pace, she almost flew from our presence.

"There's a Diana!" exclaimed the squire, delighted, and spurring his horse after her. "Hold hard, my flower!" continued he, "give us time to overtake you."

In a few moments we had joined the squire in the race. High on her haunches Moonbeam reared, as she fretted and pulled upon the checking-rein; but when it was slackened, away she bounded with her fair mistress, with the speed of a bird, on the wing of sudden and ecstatic freedom.

Miss Grey, glancing back, and occasionally catching a glimpse of our party, made her laugh echo far and wide, and, waving her hand, beckoned to the squire in derision; but on she still went.

"That's what I call reckless riding," said the squire, spurring his horse to urge the animal to a still greater speed.

A light laugh came from the lady in response, and, switching Moonbeam, she made a still greater distance between us and herself, as if determined that none should cope with her beautiful white steed.

"Hold hard!" hallooed the squire, as Miss Alice left loose her horse's head on the verge of a dangerous precipice which he was aware we were approaching. "To the right, to the right; don't go near that side," said he, waving his hand, to beckon her away.

"By St. Paul!" continued he, with terror expressed in his voice and features, "the mare can't turn there—she's lost, gentlemen!"

It was true enough. Straight as a bolt from a crossbow, her horse took the fearful leap, rising in the air like a bird springing for its flight, for a brief moment, and then over they went, without even ringing a clink from Moonbeam's ironed hoofs.

"My God!" exclaimed Campbell, pale with fear for her safety, "both horse and rider must be dashed to pieces!"

The squire was too frightened to utter a single word. In fact he seemed to be perfectly paralyzed; for at that moment, without even looking over the precipice, he asked Campbell to ride for a doctor.

For my own part I involuntarily sprang from my horse, and almost instantly gained a winding lane which commenced a steep descent on the right. It was so thickly studded with bushes and brush that I could not see a yard ahead, and but for the fact that I knew I was descending, I could not have imagined whether I was going right or not. For more than an hour I wandered in the intricacies of this crooked path, trying alternately to regain the summit of the hill or to find some definite road toward the bottom. At last, as I turned one of its abrupt corners, my heart leaped to my throat at seeing, close to my feet, Moonbeam stretched dead in the road. The sidesaddle, with its broken pommel, was twisted under her, the crupper snapped, and her bridle dragged from over her ears.

It was too obvious that the worst had occurred, and that in leaping down the dizzy height she must have entailed destruction upon her fair mistress as well as herself.

Expecting to see the confirmation of what I feared, I looked tremblingly about the road, and saw, within a few feet of the horse's head, a few drops of blood, and, upon a bush close by, some small pieces of green cloth, which hung on the thorns. These were sufficient proofs of what had happened, and, almost palsied with horror, I directed my course in the only direction the unfortunate lady could have been borne, should she have been discovered, which was the one I had been pursuing—down the hill.

I had not gone far, when I came into a fair road, and presently I saw Campbell's horse tied to the gate of a farm-house. Groans and sobs saluted my ear before I reached the threshold, and, as I was about flinging open the door, Campbell, ghastly white, hurried out, and, seeing me, exclaimed, "My God, she's killed!" and rushed past me.

CHAPTER II.

MISS GREY'S HISTORY—THE STUDENT'S FIRST VISIT.

UPON entering the house I discovered Miss Grey stretched upon a bed in an inner room, surrounded by a group of weeping children and a woman. The latter was almost frantic with grief, continuing to wring her hands, beat her bosom, and between her sobs and groans exclaim, "Lord, have mercy on us! the poor young lady is killed. Sorrow to all! sorrow to all!"

The sight was truly heart-breaking. With hair dishevelled and streaming down her pale features, scratched and torn in rude gashes, lay Miss Grey, without a symptom of life remaining. Her dress was severed into rags and tatters, and the terrific violence of the fall was portrayed in every part of her disfigured person.

"Do you think she is *quite* dead?" inquired the poor woman, as I pressed my fingers on her pulse.

I could discover no fluttering in this index of life, but gave immediate directions for the loosening of her dress, and other trifling orders preparatory to the doctor's visit, which was momentarily expected.

As I continued to watch anxiously for a sign of returning life, the neighboring farmers' wives stole silently into the room, and whispered their grief and forebodings one to the other, while tears of sincere sorrow coursed down their cheeks in streams.

"She's gone, Mrs. Davis," said one, choking with grief, "she's gone. Our friend's in heaven!"

"God be merciful to her," added another. "The flower's nipped in the morning of her life. Lord, have mercy on her!"

Some knelt by the bedside and prayed fervently for her restoration; others, whose grief was beyond their control, wept like their half-frightened, half-sorrowing children, and all evinced an intensity of grief for their beautiful, generous, and ill-fated friend.

In about twenty minutes, which appeared to me the slowest that were ever ticked in the balance of time, the doctor entered the room. Taking a glance at the inanimate lady, he shook his head despondingly, and said, "I fear all earthly aid is futile."

"Say not so, sir, say not so!" ejaculated a voice in the deepest consternation. It was Squire Merton, pushing his way through the throng congregated in the room.

"I fear such to be the case, sir," added the doctor, taking a case of instruments from his pocket. "But this room must be cleared," added he. "I can have no one present but those who are necessary for my assistance."

All left except myself, Campbell, and the squire, who, although incapable, from his agitation, to render any assistance, could not be persuaded to quit the apartment.

"Raise her gently in your arms, in a reclining posture," said the doctor to me.

Quickly running his fingers over her limbs and body, he twisted a ligament round her exquisitely-moulded arm, and forcing a lancet into the vein, a crimson drop or two came reluctantly from the wound; but that was all. The doctor gave a look of entire hopelessness, and motioned me to place her in her former posture, when, as I moved to do so, a clear current trickled from the opened vein, and, as her head rested on the pillow, a sigh broke from her lips.

"Cheering symptoms, cheering symptoms!" exclaimed the doctor. "We shall save her!" continued he.

The squire clutched the doctor's hand and said, "A thousand thanks for that hope."

"There's not a limb fractured," continued the doctor, "and I begin to think no bone; but we shall see that presently," added he. "Thank God! there are sparks of life remaining!"

"Amen, amen!" returned the squire fervently.

"There's a great crowd outside," observed Campbell, "scarcely able to remain there, such is their desire to learn how the dear lady is; shall I inform them of our hopes?"

"By all means," replied the squire.

Scarcely had Campbell gone from the room when a murmur, like the hum of bees, was heard, and a suppressed but audible shout of joy.

"I should feel," said the squire, "that the sun had set for ever, if anything took from us Miss Grey.

"Ah! indeed, Mr. Merton," added the doctor, "she's the sunshine to many hearts, and may God restore her to them!"

"He will, sir," returned the squire confidently, and rising from the edge of the bed to take a closer view of the sufferer's pallid features, "He will, sir—I'm sure he will."

The blood had flowed freely for some seconds, and the fluttering pulse, like a flame kindling from smothered embers, flickered, beat, and stopped, and then throbbed again, as if impatient of its newly-gained action. At length the ashy lips separated from being firmly fixed, and the silken lashes of the eyes gradually became untwined, until the eyes once more were visible. A faint smile spread itself over her countenance as Miss Grey endeavored to raise herself, but the doctor instantly checked her, and said, "Now, gentlemen, I can dispense with your presence for that of the good woman of this house, if you will send her to me."

The squire pressed the hand of the patient, and then followed us from the room. After about the lapse of an hour, the doctor joined us, and said he had left his patient in a most refreshing sleep, and that there was nothing more serious than a slight concussion of the brain and some severe contusions.

"Then you deem her out of danger," said the squire.

"Out of all immediate danger," was the reply, "and there is nothing to make me anticipate any; although from such an accident we can not form a hasty conclusion."

"When do you think she can be removed home?" asked the squire.

"I hope in the course of to-morrow," replied the doctor; "but I shall remain here during the night, and tend her in the double capacity of nurse and surgeon."

"Ay, do, my good fellow," rejoined the squire, "and should anything occur, be sure and let me know. By sunrise," continued the squire, "I shall be here myself."

Taking leave of the doctor, who appeared one of the most interested of the party, we mounted our horses and turned their heads toward home.

"How did you find the poor young lady," asked the squire of Campbell.

"It happened that a woodman was passing below when the leap took place," said Campbell. "I was hailed by him and directed to the spot where she lay. I discovered Miss Grey lying in a bush on the

opposite bank, which doubtless broke the violence of the fall, and Moonbeam in the middle of the lane, as I have since learned, with his neck broken. Without the loss of a moment I hastened to the spot, and, raising Miss Grey in my arms, bore her instantly to the nearest house."

In the course of our journey home I put several questions to the squire concerning Miss Grey, and learned from him her history.

"She is one of the most extraordinary girls living," observed the squire; "but her eccentricities have been, as they generally are in most people, created by the peculiarity of the circumstances in which she has been placed. It may now be eighteen years since her father and only parent came from the city of New York, and purchased a large farm of eight hundred acres within a short distance of mine. For a series of years, the house, an old ruinous place, had been untenanted, and I was much pleased at the prospect of a near neighbor. But all advances to become friendly were rejected, not only to me, but to every one who made them. Ill health and an irritable temper, occasioned by an impaired constitution, made Mr. Grey avoid all society, and with the exception of his daughter Alice, whom he suffered to grow up as wild as the flowers of the forest, no one, and nothing, not even a dog, was the sharer of his melancholy, hypochondriacal existence. Except on the very warmest days in summer, he never stirred from his roof, but occupied the whole of his time in smoking, and in watching the play of his beautiful self-willed child, but without joining in it. But, notwithstanding this sullen disposition, he was liberal and kind to his farming-men, and was never known to turn a deaf ear to the calls of charity.

"Without a companion, teacher, or instructor of any kind, Alice continued to while away her hours by coursing the butterfly or the humming-bird, and so shy was she of meeting anybody, that no sooner did she catch a glimpse of the approach of a stranger than away she would bound with the fleetness of a fawn. Often did I attempt to waylay the timid, pretty child, but her ears and eyes were as quick as those of a fox, and I never could succeed in stealing within a short distance of her footfall.

"Thus slipped away some four years, and at last the hermit, as Mr. Grey was called, no longer excited curiosity, speculation, and

wonderment. He pursued the same monotonous life, and at last the old house was as little thought of, and as little visited or inquired about, as previous to its being occupied.

"At length one morning brought the intelligence that Mr. Grey had suddenly expired in a fit of apoplexy. Being the nearest neighbor, and knowing the lonely situation of his orphan, Mrs. Merton and myself hastened to his house, and there found the child maddened with grief at the bereavement of her father. We used all our powers of consolation, and, at last, that sympathy which she wanted she found in my good lady, and, after some coaxing and persuading, we got her to accompany us home. This was the commencement of our intimacy, which has lasted uninterruptedly to this day. And now I should like to know," added the squire proudly, "if anybody can show me a better Christian or more lovely girl on this earth? I know," continued he, "that she has many peculiarities; among others, there's the fire of old Nick in her veins. I've not seen her roused more than once or twice in my life; but when she is—heaven and earth!—she can *look* a man of common courage white. I've seen a lawyer, who is the only executor and guardian under the will, tremble as though he had the ague, when she has bent her fiery glance on him."

"Does Miss Grey still live retired and alone, then?" inquired I.

"Yes," replied the squire, "she has imbibed her father's taste in not visiting or being visited by her neighbors, for, besides myself and Mrs. Merton, no one ever enters her house except her domestics, and she will meet no one at mine. And now, gentlemen," added the squire, as we arrived at a branch of the road which led to his home, "you have the history, as far as I know it, of Miss Alice Grey, whom, I fervently trust, we shall soon see again in her wonted health and beauty."

With this he bade us farewell, and took leave of us.

"This lady fair is a very strange sort of character," observed I to Campbell, after Mr. Merton had quitted us.

"As the squire says," replied Campbell, "circumstances have rendered her different from the generality of her sex. But it would have been more strange if they had not done so, considering the peculiar way in which she has been treated."

"Total neglect of her education, and abstinence from all social as-

sociation, appear to be the passive causes of her singularities," returned I.

"Yes," added Campbell, "but then how beautiful she is! Like a wild, uncultivated flower, fresh and blooming in all its natural loveliness, unnoticed, uncared for, unseen, and yet superior to all that art can train! Never was there such captivation in a woman before."

I looked at my friend's face. His cheeks were flushed; his eyes sparkled as he spoke; and I saw that the unfortunate lady had made an indelible impression.

On the following morning Campbell and myself proceeded on horseback, at an early hour, to the farm-house where we had left Miss Grey, and had the satisfaction of learning that she had had a night of tranquil rest, and was so far recovered as to have been removed to her home about an hour previous to our arrival. We therefore determined to proceed thither, and make some personal inquiries concerning her.

After keeping a cross-country road for a few miles, we entered a tall, rusty-looking gate, as directed, and wended our way up a wide path, flanked by thick and widely-spreading maple-trees. On emerging from this avenue, we came in sight of a substantial but ancient-looking edifice, which had defied the winter's blast and summer's sun for many a year. The whole scene around looked so old and so solitary, that we gazed in silence for some time, previous to clanking the iron-headed lion, as a summons for our entry.

A smart-dressed Indian girl answered it readily, and confirmed the statement of the morning, that Miss Grey was progressing favorably.

We were about taking our departure on the receipt of this intelligence, when Mr. Merton hurried from the house, and requested us to dismount. Nothing loath to do so, we gave our horses to a servant, and followed the squire into a spacious and handsomely furnished room.

"I am commissioned by Miss Grey," said he, addressing both of us, after we were seated, "to express her deep obligations for the great kindness and attention she met with at your hands yesterday; and am desired to add, to you, Mr. Campbell," said he, laughing, "that she will hold the future at *your* disposal, being satisfied that she is indebted to you for her life."

"The assistance I was enabled to render her," replied Campbell, "was purely accidental, and, therefore, no obligation is due to me."

"She thinks otherwise," returned the squire. "However, I care not which way it is. In a short time we shall again hear her merry laugh and not a scratch on her pretty face, thank God!"

"I would submit to have a scar an inch deep carved in my own, rather than she should have the shadow of one," returned Campbell.

"A gallant declaration," said the squire, "and one which I shall not fail to convey to the lady."

"The doctor gives hopes of a speedy convalescence?" observed I, inquiringly.

"Not only hopes," replied the squire, "but certainty. I have his professional word that she shall be out again in less than a month."

CHAPTER III.

AN UNEXPECTED DEPARTURE—DECLARATIONS OF LOVE—A WALK IN THE GROVE—
BLISSFUL MOMENTS.

It is now necessary that I should speak of myself, and refer to some past occurrences, which, although trifling in themselves, are indispensable joints of my narrative.

Soon after Miss Grey's recovery, which took place within a month of her receiving the injury, Campbell and myself became constant visitors at her house, and, to speak the truth, we appeared to be far from unwelcome ones. Occasionally we used to meet the squire and his wife there, but no one else, and thus a strong intimacy arose between us.

Immediately that Campbell had an opportunity, he undisguisedly evinced the passion which he had entertained from the first moment of seeing the beautiful girl whose life he had been chiefly instrumental in saving. And although she sometimes received his attentions with great favor, there was a fickleness of manner about her which continually left him between doubt and hope.

From a cause hardly to be explained, and yet not difficult to be conceived, this subject of all-engrossing interest to himself was never

mentioned to me, either directly or indirectly, although the friendship existing between us became daily stronger than ever. But, suspecting, which was the case, that he had in myself a rival in feeling, although not so expressed by word, and I hoped not by look or gesture, Alice was tacitly a subject never alluded to by either of us.

It may appear strange that anything like a good understanding, or even common civility, could exist between two men thus situated; but so it was; and in the belief that my friend was the favored one, and in every way the most eligible, I yielded to his superior claims, without the faintest struggle for precedence. More than once, indeed, I was staggered with an expression from the lady's sparkling eyes, as they met my own, but not dreaming for a moment that I found an answering spirit within them, the sensation was but like the fleeting sound of some thrilling chord unexpectedly touched.

To say that I did not envy Campbell would be to declare myself more immaculate than every other man could be, placed in such circumstances; but to declare that I threw in his way every facility in my power, to ensure him speedy success, and that he was the constant theme of my sincerest commendation, is to say no more than is strictly in accordance with the truth. The eulogy sounds but ill from me, but I hesitate not to assert, that, deeming my own feelings totally disregarded by the object of their solicitude, I was sufficiently generous to assist my friend in succeeding to win the prize he so ardently longed to call his own. Little progress, however, seemed to be made, for no sooner were his attentions favorably received, than the next day, perhaps the next hour, produced as opposite a change.

The squire, who took as much interest in the proceedings as if he had been her parent, was a decided advocate to our cause, for such I may call it, and rated Alice soundly for her "waywardness and fickleness," as he called her conduct.

So things went on for some two months, when one morning I was startled, at sunrise, by Campbell rushing into my bedroom in a state of great trepidation, holding an unfolded letter in his hand.

"Banbury," said he, "I've this moment received an unwelcome letter from home," and a tear dropped as he spoke, "the most so," continued he, "that I ever received in the course of my life. My mother is at the point of death, and desires instantly to see me. Will

you—as I shall have made my arrangements for departing within a quarter of an hour—proceed early to Miss Grey, and, as I promised to be there before noon, tell her the cause of my unavoidable absence? My return must, of course, depend upon circumstances; but you may also add that I shall take the earliest opportunity of fulfilling the appointment, and that a letter will herald the keeping of it.”

Expressing my regret at the cause of his hasty departure, and exchanging friendly grasps of the hands, with a promise to obey his instructions, we parted.

From the time I undertook to convey Campbell's message to Miss Grey, I felt an irresistible inclination to bend my steps toward her house almost daily. The attraction was like the needle to the magnet, a force beyond opposition. Imperceptibly our hearts became entwined and our sympathies folded within each other, without even the knowledge of either. Of the most ardent temperament, equally ignorant and careless of the conventional rules of society, Alice portrayed, at length, in every look and gesture, the pleasure she experienced in my undivided society. Early in the morning I met her in the fields, brushing the dew from daisy-cups; and it was often not till the nightingale had piped on the thorn that we separated.

Thus weeks flew past without my hearing a word from Campbell, and in the enjoyment of my daily intercourse with Alice I had almost forgotten him, or, if remembered, it was only as one I had now entirely supplanted. Neither did I reproach myself with the cause or the effect. Indeed, I was too devoted to care, perhaps, by what means I had won the affections of Miss Grey; but at the same time I was conscious of not using any treacherous ones, or other than I was fully entitled to employ.

Thus matters stood, when a morning's post brought intelligence of Campbell's intended return on the following day. Then, and not till then, I determined to propose in form for the hand of Miss Grey; for, although my advances had been met with too decided favor to admit of any doubt as to the result, I had not yet spoken of that which was nearest and dearest to my heart. With the intention of putting this resolution in force, I mounted my horse and proceeded to her residence.

It was a sultry evening, late in August. The distant rumble of

thunder was now and then heard, and the black, heavy masses of clouds rolling heavily from the west, tinged with the purple light of the sinking sun, betokened a coming storm. Hurrying forward, I just managed to gain the portal of the house as the tempest burst in all its gathered violence. Alice, expecting me, was at the entrance, and, as she took my proffered arm, to conduct her within, a crash of heaven's artillery roared above our heads, and reverberated from hill to hill, miles distant. Flash after flash of the forked lightning succeeded, and then a deluge of water spouted on the earth, bubbling and hissing as it fell. Roll after roll of the warring elements succeeded, and the heavy clouds floated slowly on, spouting forth their overcharged contents.

"'Tis a dreadful storm," observed Alice.

"Yes," replied I, "but from its violence it can not last."

"It appears that extremes can never last in anything," rejoined Alice.

"Such seems to be one of Nature's immutable decrees," returned I.

"I hope not—sincerely hope not," said Alice, excitement kindling fire in her eyes. "I would not think so for ages of certain happiness hereafter."

"And why not?" I inquired

"Because," she added, "the thought would insure me the rack now; a refinement of torture that causes pain even to contemplate."

"And yet," said I, "we should never fear to think of what *must* be."

"There I differ with you," replied Alice. "It seems to me but poor philosophy to think of, and thereby anticipate, many disagreeable and inevitable certainties. For instance, decrepid age, infirmities, or premature death—consequences attendant upon life; but 'twould be far from agreeable to dwell upon these closing scenes of our drama, and foretaste their bitterness previous to the allotted period."

"We are taught otherwise," rejoined I, "and are bid, by thinking of them, to prepare against their visitation."

"And our stern teachers, with their proselytes, may enjoy the study, but it shall be none of mine," returned Alice. "'Tis sufficient occupation for me to render the present as pleasurable as possible; the past is gone, and the future is a mystery none can solve."

"But we should be like mariners at sea," continued I, "ignorant of latitude or longitude, and without helm or compass, were it not that experience of the past guides us to the future. And, in like manner, when sailing before the wind buoyantly and joyously, we should strike upon some hidden rock or quicksand, and, when least expecting it, become a hopeless wreck."

"I'll not deny but that you have the best of the argument," she returned. "But still I might be able to puzzle you. However," continued she, "as I might perchance suffer in your estimation by confessing my peculiar ideas concerning this sublunary existence, we'll permit the subject to drop now, and for ever."

The storm by this time had abated. The last rays of the setting sun shot from the verge of a frowning cloud, and streamed gladly on the saturated ground. The air, stilled from the songs of birds while the tempest raged, was now filled by them. The cricket chirped merrily from his grassy bed, and the locusts sung in concert. Creeping things crawled from their flooded homes, and their enemies took advantage of their migration. The crows wheeled and stooped from the sheltering trees, and traversed the ground with acute eye and nimble step, in pursuit of the wandering tribes. Loaded bees issued from the foxglove's secret depths, and humming their joy at its secure protection, buzzed to their thrifty store.

On the border of the lawn, to the right of the house, was a grove of thick maples. So dense were they, that hours of continued rain would scarcely penetrate to the serpentine walk which wound for a considerable distance between them. Thither, as had been our wont for some time, we proceeded to take our evening walk.

At the end of this path was a rude, uncultivated bower, formed of wild hops clinging to the boughs and stems of the overhanging trees. The vines had been cleared in the centre of one thick clump, and a seat, roughly hewn from the solid trunk of an oak, was placed within it.

Upon this we rested, and after a silence of some duration, I told the tale she had read before in the silent language of the heart. Long and passionately did I plead my cause; never were words to me so apt before. At length I paused, without much fear, to learn my doom. Eagerly I gazed into her eyes, and as they were lit by a moon's ray,

stealing between the leaves, I saw the tear of joy and of love floating in them. In a moment I snatched her to my breast, and the reciprocated affection and consent were murmured in kisses upon my lips.

All nature was hushed. The wind toyed with the leaf so softly that it scarcely flapped in his gentle breath, and everything seemed calm and at peace.

The hour, the place, the circumstances—everything conspired to render the temptation which beset us too strong for human weakness to withstand.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN—MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS—DESPAIR—SUICIDE.

THE next day Campbell returned; and although I felt that the communication I determined to make without loss of time, would give him poignant anguish, I was totally unprepared for the expression of intense and indescribable horror and surprise which was displayed in his features when I informed him of my becoming his successful rival. He looked at me as if in doubt of my sanity, or the correctness of his own senses. Silently he continued to gaze, while all the color forsook his cheek, and his lips became pale and ashy.

"Yes," he at length muttered, "yes, it seems and sounds *impossible*, but 'tis true. You could not—no, your tongue would refuse to utter an untruth. I've heard of such things before," continued he, bitterly; "but, my God, my God! they're monstrous and incredible."

"Calm yourself," replied I. "Although I can feel for your disappointment, I don't think there is sufficient cause for the astonishment and anger you express. Miss Grey was not affianced to you, and, if it is any consolation, I may say, never would have been."

"Not affianced!" exclaimed Campbell. "Not affianced!" and his amazement increased tenfold.

"No," rejoined I, "and I repeat, never would have been."

"Give me your hand," returned he, holding out his own. "I wronged you in thought. Forgive me. You did not *know*, then —"

but it matters not at this moment," and breaking off thus suddenly, he hurriedly paced the room, clasping his hands, and looking the very picture of despair.

After a short time he became more composed, but still was greatly excited, and continued to exclaim against the cruelty and heartlessness of women in general. At length he said—

"I've a request to make, and although it may appear unreasonable, and one decidedly I have no right to make, still I hope you will grant it to me."

"It is granted," replied I, "before being made."

"Then go not to her to-day," returned he, "but wait until I've seen her once again. I need scarcely say it will be the last visit that I shall pay."

"As you please," added I. "But saying I should be there in the course of the day, I beg that you will explain the cause of my absence."

"I will," said he. "Accept my thanks for your abstinence from so much pleasure," continued he, smiling sarcastically, and leaving the room.

I almost repented of having complied with Campbell's request, and, after he quitted me, began to think that I had acted unwisely in permitting him to seek an interview with Alice alone at such a moment. However, as I had done so, I of course did not attempt to recall it. His look, as he departed, struck me as being full of turbulent passion, and his previous portrayal of it all tended to increase my uneasiness at his going.

And here I will pause in my narrative to confess that which I believe the majority of men entertain in like circumstances, although few, perhaps, would acknowledge it. Since the scene of last evening in the fir-grove, Alice had become to me an altered being. The flower was bruised and sullied, and no longer offered its former attractions. I thought of her as of one that I *must* make my wife; not as of one that I wished to make so, if honor did not sternly so decree. Love had vanished, and *duty* now usurped his post. To save her reputation and my own, I never thought of doing other than performing my plighted word; but, had there been a choice, I would have retracted it with more ecstasy than I had pledged it.

Notwithstanding, however, this revulsion of feeling, I became more disturbed in mind as the hours flew past without Campbell's returning. At length I could not restrain the inclination of seeking him, conjuring up in my imagination a multitude of horrors, crowding upon each other like colored forms in the kaleidoscope. But, just as I was issuing from my room, I heard his step approaching. Never shall I forget the impression his appearance made upon me. He reeled toward me like one intoxicated, with a face so distorted, that it was scarcely possible to trace a single feature. His lower jaw dropped from the other, as in a corpse, and his eyes had that dull, leaden look which showed the fire of life was nearly extinguished. Not a tinge of blood was in his cheeks, and he seemed a dead though breathing man.

"Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed, "what is the matter? are you ill?"

"Very—I am *very* ill," he replied.

In a moment I assisted him to a couch, and was about hurrying away for assistance, when he motioned me to stay.

"Do not leave me," he whispered, "do not leave me; I have something to say to you, and but a short time left to say it in."

"Let me at least send for medical aid," I rejoined.

He smiled faintly, and said, "I'm not in want of it. Listen; I have seen her, and have learned that which I believed before—that you did not wrong me intentionally. But what will you think, when I tell you that she was betrothed to me by her own consent, freely given, as she now is to you?"

"What!" exclaimed I, astonishment thrilling through my frame, "*betrothed to you?*"

"Ay, solemnly betrothed to me!" returned he, in a tone not to be doubted, "so help me Heaven!"

In broken sentences, and occasionally gasping for breath, Campbell then recounted to me the particulars of his last meeting with Alice, and that during his absence he had sent several letters to her; but, with the exception of the first, he had received no answers; and, although this neglect occasioned some surprise, he supposed indisposition, or some such cause, had prevented the replies to his communications.

"But," continued he, "I now know too well the reason, and may God forgive her broken vow, as I do!"

"If I had been acquainted with this," returned I, "believe me, Campbell, neither for her nor for any woman breathing would I have been the instrument of injury to a friend, or the cause of a solemn plighted word being disregarded, as though 'twas less material than the air which gave it birth. I tremble to think of it."

"From my soul I believe you," replied he. "But think no more of it. That which is one man's loss is another's gain. Take her—and may Heaven bless ye both! Banbury," continued he, raising himself on his elbow, and looking earnestly into my face, "it is a dying man's blessing, and one which emanates from a heart bearing no hatred nor malice toward any living creature."

"Dying!" repeated I. "Surely it is but the temporary effects of excitement and distress of mind."

"Ah, my friend!" added he, sorrowfully, and an expression of pain convulsed his features, "both mind and body are poisoned."

"What!" I exclaimed, "*poisoned!*" and I clutched a bell-rope.

"Hush, hush, Banbury," he returned, "be not alarmed on my account. Bring no one here, for Heaven's sake!"

"Say," added I, "are you ——"

"*A suicide!*" replied he, "certain and irremediable."

I heard no more. As quick as thought, with terror to urge me, I flew for assistance. In a few brief moments a crowd of friends and attendants rushed into the apartment, and, as I returned, I saw in the middle of the throng the doctor on his knees, pressing a hand upon Campbell's heart. By his side were various instruments, and his fingers held a vial marked "deadly poison."

"'Tis useless," said he, rising, "the quantity would have killed a dozen men."

"And is he dead?" inquired I, pressing forward.

"Quite, sir," was the reply; and I felt my heart withered by it.

There he lay, a few hours before in the exuberance of youth, strength, and manhood, now a scorched and unsightly mass. His limbs were drawn up and cramped in the agonies of death, and his face told how hard the struggle had been in the forcible separation between soul and body.

With surprise, horror, and the deepest sorrow, I was followed from the apartment by our mutual friends, and all I remembered afterward on this dreadful night was finding myself waking as if from a deep sleep, and the blood trickling from an opened vein in my arm.

CHAPTER V.

THE STUDENT VISITS THE BETROTHED—THE PARTING SCENE—CONCLUSION.

CONFUSED, as if some terrible dream had been racking my brain through the long and tedious night, I woke early the following morning, weak and feverish. I can scarcely describe my feelings faithfully, as the incidents of the preceding day flashed with all their cruel truth on my memory. I began to suspect that Alice might be but the slave of passion, and a thousand revolting images reared themselves in my mind. With distrust, sorrow, anger, and a mingling of sensations impossible for words to represent, but leaving a most disordered frame of mind, I proceeded to her residence.

Alice, in anticipation of my visit, was sauntering in the avenue some distance from the house, and, seeing my approach, hastened toward me. Never did she look more beautiful. Her long black tresses were sweeping down her shoulders as carelessly and unconfined as the tendrils of some wild vine. Her slight but beautifully moulded figure was robed in a simple white morning dress, and round her waist was tied a string of large jet beads, which hung to the ground. On the inside of a close cottage bonnet a fresh-picked rose was placed, but it would be difficult to say which looked the freshest, the flower or the cheek on which it rested.

With a light step she bounded to my side, and, as she came, a ringing laugh of joy and of love burst from her lips as my welcome. But when she arrived close to me, and saw my pale and haggard face, the color forsook her cheek, like transient breath from a mirror. Mutely she gazed at me as I dismounted from my horse, and, staggering to a neighboring bench, almost fell as I reached it.

"Tell me," she said, clinging to me, and with deep emotion, "are you ill? has anything happened? Speak, in the name of Heaven!"

"Oh, Alice!" I exclaimed, unable to conceal my mental anguish an instant longer, "why did you conceal from me the—the——" I could say no more. My gorge rose, and threatened to choke me with grief.

"I know what you would say," she returned; "but upbraid me not. *He* was here yesterday, and performed that part to perfection."

"But surely you must have thought and known," continued I, "how wrong, how unjustifiable it was for you to admit of my advances; and then not to acquaint me with the secret, but let it reveal itself in all its bare reality. Indeed, Alice, there is too much cause to upbraid you for me to pass it over in silence."

"If the truth be no justification," replied she, "I'll have no other advocate. Give me your patience for a few brief moments. From the hour I first saw you, the germes of as true and warm affection were planted in my bosom as ever sprung from the heart of woman. Your apparent want of sympathy and coldness of conduct were constant sources of torment to me, and my pride was daily and hourly wounded by the general indifference of your demeanor. I confess admitting occasionally of Mr. Campbell's addresses, solely in the hope of creating a feeling in you which I trusted might be raised from the spirit of rivalry. In this I was disappointed. Nothing would fan the spark I so longed to see reared into a flame, and at length, tired with the ceaseless attentions of the one, and indignant at the want of them from the other, I, in a moment of mortification, reluctantly permitted my tongue to consent to that which my heart denied. Soon after this I discovered my error; and God is my witness how I at once rejoiced and sorrowed at the discovery!—rejoiced for the hope of the consummation of my heart's only desire, and sorrowed for the hasty barrier I had raised against the possession of it. Still this was but a feather in the scale weighed against the attainment of my wish, and I determined to defy all censure, all reproach, to become your own. In the conviction that your stern sense of duty, and observance of the conventional, automaton rules of society would at once decide your resolution in the event of learning my engagement with your friend, I was resolved, if possible, not to let you know it until ——"

She paused and hesitated to proceed.

"Until no choice was left me, you would say," returned I.

"Until you were equally disposed to set aside such a cold, calculating code," added she, regarding me with a lowering brow and fiery glance.

"Then learn," replied I, "that I am as much disposed now to obey the edict to which you refer as I should have been in the first instance, had I known what I now do. You have deceived me, you have deceived yourself, and one who is now oblivious of your wrong and cruelty. Yes, Alice," continued I, "he who loved you as well as I, and who was far more worthy of a pure requital, is now a corpse, a suicide!"

"Heaven have mercy upon me!" she ejaculated. "Heaven have mercy upon me!" and, falling on her knees, she clasped her hands and poured forth a prayer in an agony of supplication for forgiveness.

I watched her with little less emotion; and as I heard the choking sobs heaving from her bosom, and saw the tears streaming down her cheeks, I forgot the wrong, and saw only the penitent.

"Evil recoils upon itself," she murmured, as I proceeded to raise her; but as my hand was extended, and ere it touched her, she sprung to her feet, and retreating from me, said, "It shall never touch me more. No!" and throwing her hands wildly out, she uttered a vow, so solemn and irrevocable, that I was silenced by its awful affirmation, never to become my wife.

"Your words were," she said, bitterly, while her eyes glared with passion like an infuriated tigress, "*That I am as much disposed now to obey the edict to which you refer, as I should have been in the first instance had I known what I now do!*" Then, in the name of Heaven, obey it!" she exclaimed. "I'll be no obstacle to its fulfilment."

I endeavored to soothe the ungovernable passion which possessed her, but my words fell like drops of water into a sea of fire.

"Away," she said. "Begone; and let us never see each other more."

"Let me entreat," said I.

"Not if angels knelt and backed the petition with their tears," interrupted she; "not if torments everlasting were threatened, thicker than the gentle drops of rain from heaven!"

"And must we thus really part?" I asked.

"Ay, and for ever," she replied deliberately; "for ever."

"Can you make no allowance for my hasty observation?" said I.
 "Think of my deep, deep sorrow for my friend's lamentable fate."

"Is it possible that I should forget it for one single moment of my future life?" rejoined she, pressing her hands upon her forehead.
 "Is it not for ever branded here, stamped with torture," added she, between her clenched teeth, "dissolving all superficial thought, and leaving nothing but the bared truth—a hideous skeleton. Yes," continued she, "I see in myself a guilty wretch, and in you ——" she paused, and coming near me, shook her head reproachfully, less in anger than in sorrow, "in you a *satiated lover*."

The words found an echo in my heart. I could make no reply. Instead of the accuser, I felt the accused.

"Farewell!" she added, "farewell! and as we were, so let us henceforth be—strangers."

I sprung forward to catch her in my embrace, impelled by uncontrollable impulse.

"No, no, no! remember," said she, pointing to the clear, cloudless sky, "I have that registered there, which truth shall seal. Once more, farewell!" and turning, she left me, with one long, sad look.

* * * * *

Years and years flew past without my hearing anything of Alice Grey, for soon after this sad occurrence I left college, and sought a forgetfulness of it in other and distant lands, where I resided amid extravagant and dissolute scenes for many years. I returned to my native shores at the request of a favorite uncle, who promised me fortune and fame, would I but embark with him in mercantile pursuits.

I now remembered the painful events which occurred on my quitting college, only as a dream, and I had not the least desire to visit the scene of them. It happened, however, that my business called me to Buffalo. It was just after the new State Asylum at Utica had been put in operation, and when passing through that beautiful town, I was persuaded by a friend to visit this institution for lunatics. I had scarcely entered the building, when, good heavens! could it be possible? my eye caught the form and features of the once lovely Miss Grey! There, indeed, she stood, twining her long and wasted fingers within those of a sickly-looking child, whose constant un-

meaning smile and vacant stare told the brain's disease. She was so changed that I even hesitated to believe it was once the young, the gay, the beautiful Alice. But it was too true. There she was, the demented mother of an idiot child, old, wrinkled, and withered—the wreck of passion and the ruin of beauty.

I turned away horror-stricken, and from that hour to this I have sought to know nothing more of her fate.

DANGLERS.

“By the by, do you know who that genteel-looking young man is, that I see constantly hanging about the Wilsons? Go where I will, I am sure to see him along with one or other of the young ladies. Last Wednesday night, having occasion to call on Mrs. Wilson about the character of a servant, whom did I see stuck up in a corner of the sofa but this same young gentleman, discussing with Miss Jessy, if I understood it rightly, the merits of a patent thread paper. I next night saw him with them in a box at the theatre, and I am positive that he is ten times oftener in their seat at church than in his own, wherever that may be.”

Such is the sort of question that some well-meaning, but curious female controller-general of society puts, on observing a dangler in high practice. The dangles are a class of young men belonging to some idle profession, who are never happy unless they are on terms of intimate acquaintance in families having one or two daughters come to a marriageable time of life. Having effected an introduction, it is impossible to tell how—most likely at a soiree, where he made quite a sensation by dancing the *Polka* in a first-rate style, or through means of another dangler or friend of the family, or, what is more likely still, through an acquaintanceship with the brother of the young ladies, picked up at a fencing-school—the dangler falls into a habit

of dropping in at all seasons, and, in a short time, from being a good-looking young man, and of tolerable address, becomes a privileged person in the household. If there be any dinner, tea, or supper-party, Mr. Brown is sure to be put down first on the list, or is there of his own accord; and, from his frequent appearances on such occasions, a certain kind of *understanding* as to his motives prevails among all descriptions of regular visitors. The dangler thus makes himself a species of necessary evil in the family. He brings all the floating small-talk of the town to the young ladies; speaks to them about concerts, play-actors, and charity-sermons; helps the tea, and has a habit of saying "allow me," and making a movement as if to rise, when anything is to be lifted; converses on the prevailing color in the new winter dresses, and leads the laugh when anything droll is mentioned. When Miss Jessy and Miss Sally go out for a walk, or on any necessary piece of duty, the dangler has a knack of hitting the exact time they are to leave the house, and, with an inclination, offers his arm, but always has a tendency to be on the side next Miss Jessy. At church, the dangler acts the obliging young man, being equally ready to carry a parasol, or look out the place in the Bible or Psalm-book. The dangler, in short, is ubiquitous in his services, and so, as a matter of course, all the world put him down as a favored suiter of one or the other of the young ladies.

"Take my word for it," says Mrs. Gavine, to her friend Mrs. Brotherstone, "it is a set thing that young Brown is in pursuit of Jessy Wilson, and there's no doubt he'll get her too. I'm sure they've been long enough in making it up at any rate; for, to my certain knowledge, he used to call when they lived in George street, and that is more than three years since."

"Indeed," replies the party addressed, "I'm not so sure about it as all that. I have always had my own opinion that he is one of those flirting fellows that never know their own mind for three minutes at a time, and, whatever they do, take always good care never to come to the point. However, I dare say he gets enough of encouragement, and they may take their own way of it, for me. Had the father not been a poor silly man, he would have settled the matter long ere this."

There are strong grounds for belief that Mrs. Brotherstone is not

far from the truth in her opinion of our hero, Mr. Brown. Under the indistinct idea that he is in love with a young lady, when he is no such thing, the dangling genteel young man haunts her wherever she goes, gets recognised by her father or mother as a suitable enough match for their daughter, flirts about her for a year or two, without, be it remarked, ever having spoken a word to her of personal esteem or attachment, yet insinuated himself so far into her good graces by his actions and looks—his everlasting dangling—that he knows he could get her at any time for the asking; then, behold, when he sees he can secure another with a better fortune, or, in his eyes, some other great recommendation, he leaves the long assiduously-courted young lady to pine over her solitary fate. How often is this the case in the middle ranks of life! How many hundreds and thousands of amiable young women have had cause to rue that they ever gave any permanent encouragement to a dangler. Such a character acts like a blight on the fate of a young lady; for he not only consumes her valuable time, and distracts her feelings, but prevents real and modest admirers from making advances; wherefore, in the end, she has, perhaps, to marry a person of inferior respectability, or remain on the list of old maids. Such a result forms the worst feature in the case of the dangler. Heedless of the havoc he is committing in the fate of the young lady—not reflecting that what has been simple killing of time or amusement to him has been protracted torture to a sensitive female, who, probably, all the while pardons him, from the impression that he is only waiting till he can conveniently make a declaration, he either starts off after a new object, or grows cool in his attentions, after the bloom of her youth is fled. Yet, we have known dangles deservedly caught in their own cunning devices. The eldest daughter of the family, to whom he has long been in his own opinion attached, is carried off, as it were, out of his very grasp, when he thought himself most secure; and he probably enters into a campaign of dangling with the younger; but she is also married before he has time to make up his resolution, and he is left in a queerish, desolate condition. In such cases, we have known the dangler of half-a-dozen years pretend to feel hurt, and actually “wonder” how Miss Wilson, or Miss Anybody-else “was in a hurry to get off, for it was well known to *her*, that nobody felt so much attached to her as *himself*.” Such is the drivell

of a disconcerted dangler. He breaks his acquaintance with the family "which has used him so very ill," and looks about him for means of revenge in marrying some "extraordinary great match." He procures an acquaintance with the accomplished and elegant Miss Blackitt, who lives with her aunt in the upper part of Broadway, and who, it is currently reported, has fifty thousand dollars at her own disposal, besides expectations from her uncle, an eminent Broad street merchant. The aunt, who is a knowing hand in the science of dangleling, encourages his addresses, but takes care not to be long in fixing him, by asking him with an air, (some day about twenty minutes past four o'clock, when he had called in a pair of washed gloves to escort the young lady to the exhibition,) "what his intentions are regarding her niece." Of course, Mr. Brown protests—rather in a flutter, however, that his "intentions" are beyond all measure "honorable." The marriage in such a case soon ensues, and the dangler is beautifully noosed with a girl, who, according to the report of the controllers-general of the neighborhood, "can not put on her own clothes," "who has all kinds of bad habits," not a penny of fortune, no expectation from her uncle, the merchant, who is on the point of marrying himself—and, consequently, to sum up the story, makes the dangler miserable for all the rest of his life.

THE RAT TOWER.

The memory of Hatto, archbishop of Mainz, is still execrated on the banks of the Rhine, eight or nine centuries after his death; and, to this day, when a cloud or fog is seen resting on the Mausthurm, the peasants point to it, in fear and detestation, as containing the spirit of the savage priest. Hatto was a man without a heart. He delighted in cruelty, and was pleased with all sorts of horrors, except the fictitious. He would have made an excellent ogre, only that he wanted the peculiarity of appetite.

A famine visited the land which was under the spiritual and pastoral care of this good shepherd. The people died in thousands; infants perished of hunger at the breast, and mothers of hunger and self-detestation that their fountains of nature refused to supply their offspring with the means of life. The archbishop feasted and fattened. He prayed to God, however, to remove his curse from the land; he anathematized the foul fiend with bell, book, and candle; nay, he fasted an entire day on stewed carp and smoked salmon, drinking naught save johannisberger, rudesheimer, and hochheimer. But he gave nothing to the starving poor—not a fragment, not a crumb.

Then the people waxed wroth. They looked with their hungry eyes into one another's faces, and said, "Let us go unto the man of God; let us go up in a body, and show him our skin and bones, and cry altogether with a loud voice, 'help!—help!'" and they went up; and their voices, although thin and weak and broken, were able, because of the number, to reach the archbishop's ears, as he sat drinking the pale wine and the red at his dessert.

"What is this?" cried the archbishop; "what rascally concert have we now?"

"It is the people," answered his men; "they are hungry, and they cry for food."

"Let them work, varlets," said the archbishop, growing red with indignation.

"They have no work, and are too feeble to work."

"Too feeble to work! Go you now!—what is that? Mercy on us, these are feeble lungs, indeed! Send them packing, I say! Off with them—troop, trundle."

But the people would not move, for they were fierce in their hunger, and valiant in their despair; and they continued to cry with one voice, "Oh, man of God! help! help!"

Then the soul of the archbishop was stirred with wrath and fiery indignation, and he commanded his archers to lay hold of the rebels, and shut them up in an empty barn near the palace. And, when this was done, he sat quaffing the pale wine and the red, thinking of the insolence of the base populace, till the veins of his head swelled with fury.

"Go," said he to his men, starting suddenly up from the table, "go and set fire to the barn."

And his men did so.

And the archbishop stood at the window, waiting impatiently ; but when he saw the flames burst through the roof of the barn, and heard the screams of the wretches within, he clapped his hands and cried out joyfully : "It burns ! it burns ! *Hark, how the rats squeak !*"

That night the archbishop's men were awakened by their master, and ran to his chamber. "My lord," said they, "what is the matter ?"

"It is the rats," answered he ; "they will not let me alone." And they saw that the counterpane of precious fur was indeed all gnawed to pieces. Then the men waited and set traps and dogs, and slew the rats in great numbers ; but the faster they slew, the faster they grew. And the archbishop had no rest, neither night nor day. At his meals, the odious vermin jumped in his porringer, or upset his drinking-cup ; and if he slept, (which fear allowed him but rarely to do,) he was sure to be awakened by a rat tearing at his throat.

The archbishop, at last, determined not only to leave a palace infested by such importunate guests, but to choose a lodging in which there could be no possibility of a repetition of the nuisance. He accordingly caused a tower to be built amid the rushing waters of the Bingerloeh, and when it was ready, set out with a joyful heart to shut himself up in his new abode.

He embarked at Bingen, and on arriving at the tower, sprang eagerly to land. That day he feasted in safety. He retired early, and commanding that no one should disturb or come near him on pain of death, he prepared to enjoy, at least, the luxury of an untroubled sleep. He had already undressed ; but, in the fulness of his exultation, would scan with his own eyes the space of waters between him and the land, which was the only tenantable inheritance of his foes.

As he looked out of his window, he saw a motion on the dark and troubled waters beneath, which was unlike the motion of the waves. The whole surface seemed instinct with life ; and on the opposite shore a plashing sound, as of hundreds and thousands of stones or other small bodies, dropped from the rocks into the river, rose above the din of the waters. Struck with a sudden terror, yet

not knowing what to fear, the archbishop leaned out of the window, and looked down to the bottom of the wall. There he saw myriads of small black things rising out of the waves and ascending the stones, and as a fatal conviction flashed upon his mind, he hastened to shut the casement. He was but a moment too late. The casement closed upon the neck of a monstrous rat; and as the brute gasped and goggled in his face, the archbishop, overpowered with horror, let go his hold.

That night the archbishop's men heard a cry from their master's room; but they remembered his commands and did not stir.

"My lord," said they, "is asleep, and dreams that he is still among the rats at Mainz." Nevertheless they were troubled; for their lord was a hard master, and was accustomed to punish, whether they did ill or well, if harm came of it. So, in the morning, they all ran anxiously to his chamber, but the archbishop was gone. Some small fragments of his nightgown were on the floor, and some specks of blood among the rushes; but, skin and bone, lith and limb, had the rats eaten him up.

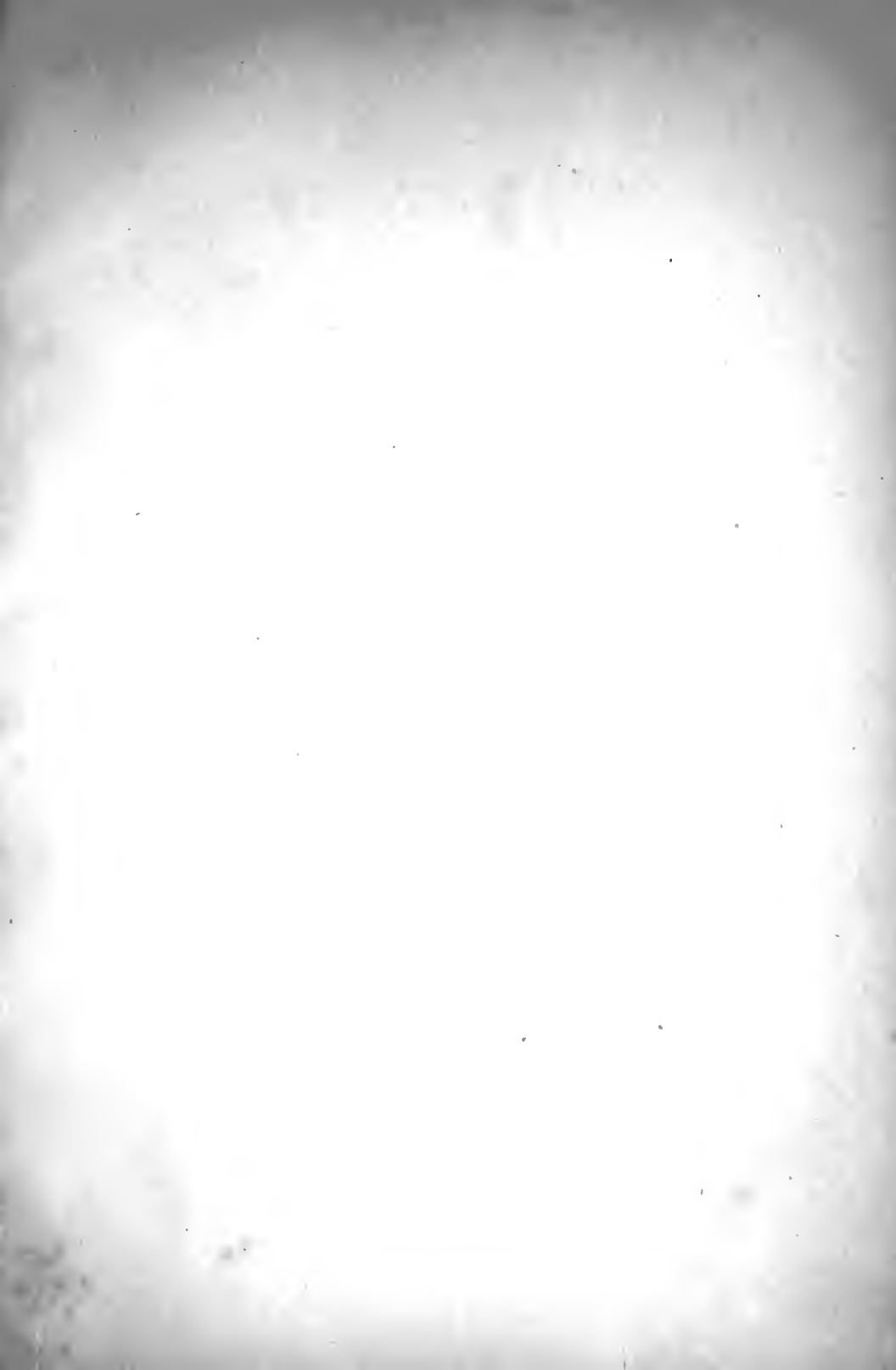
TIME'S THEFTS.

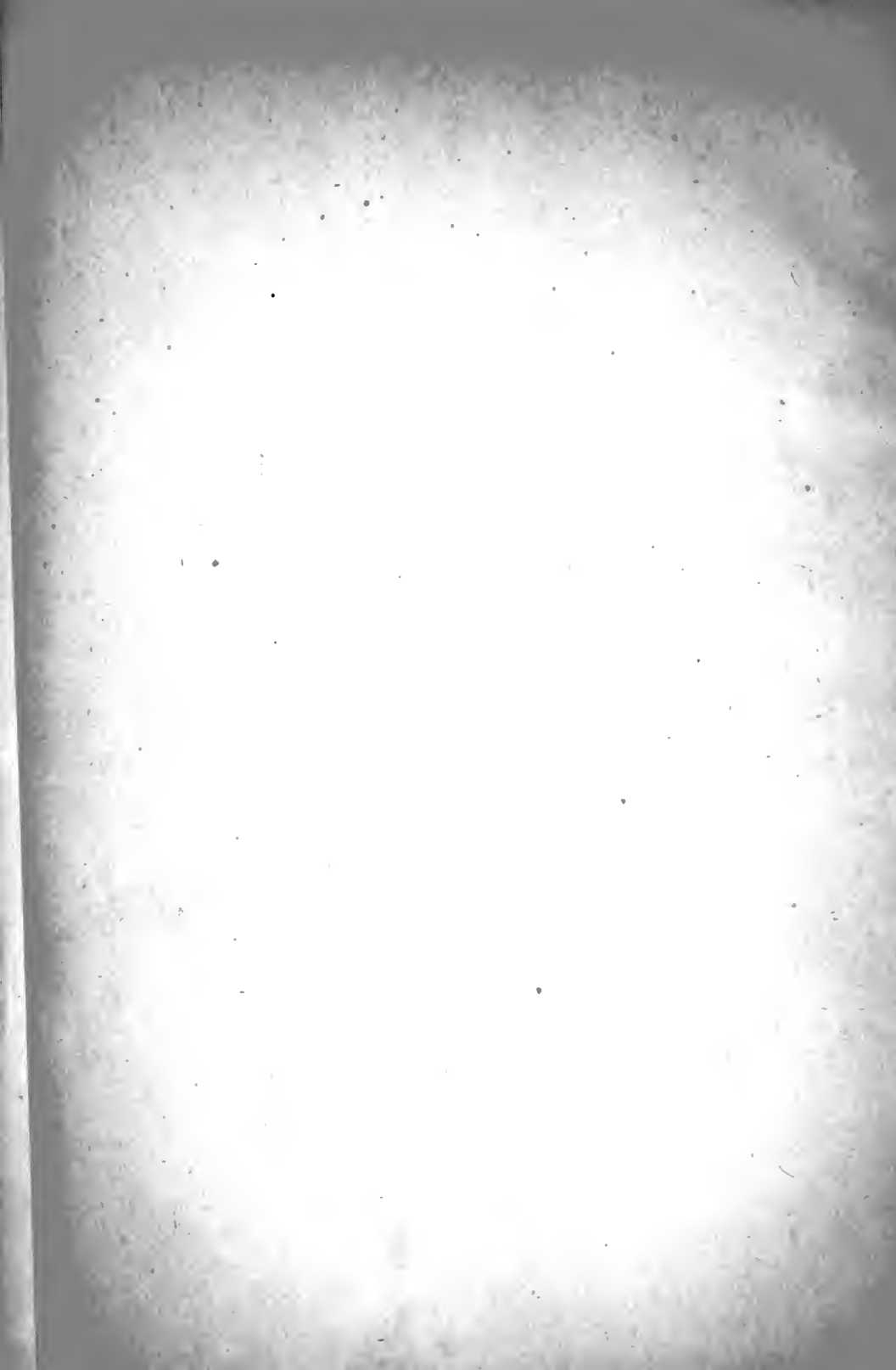
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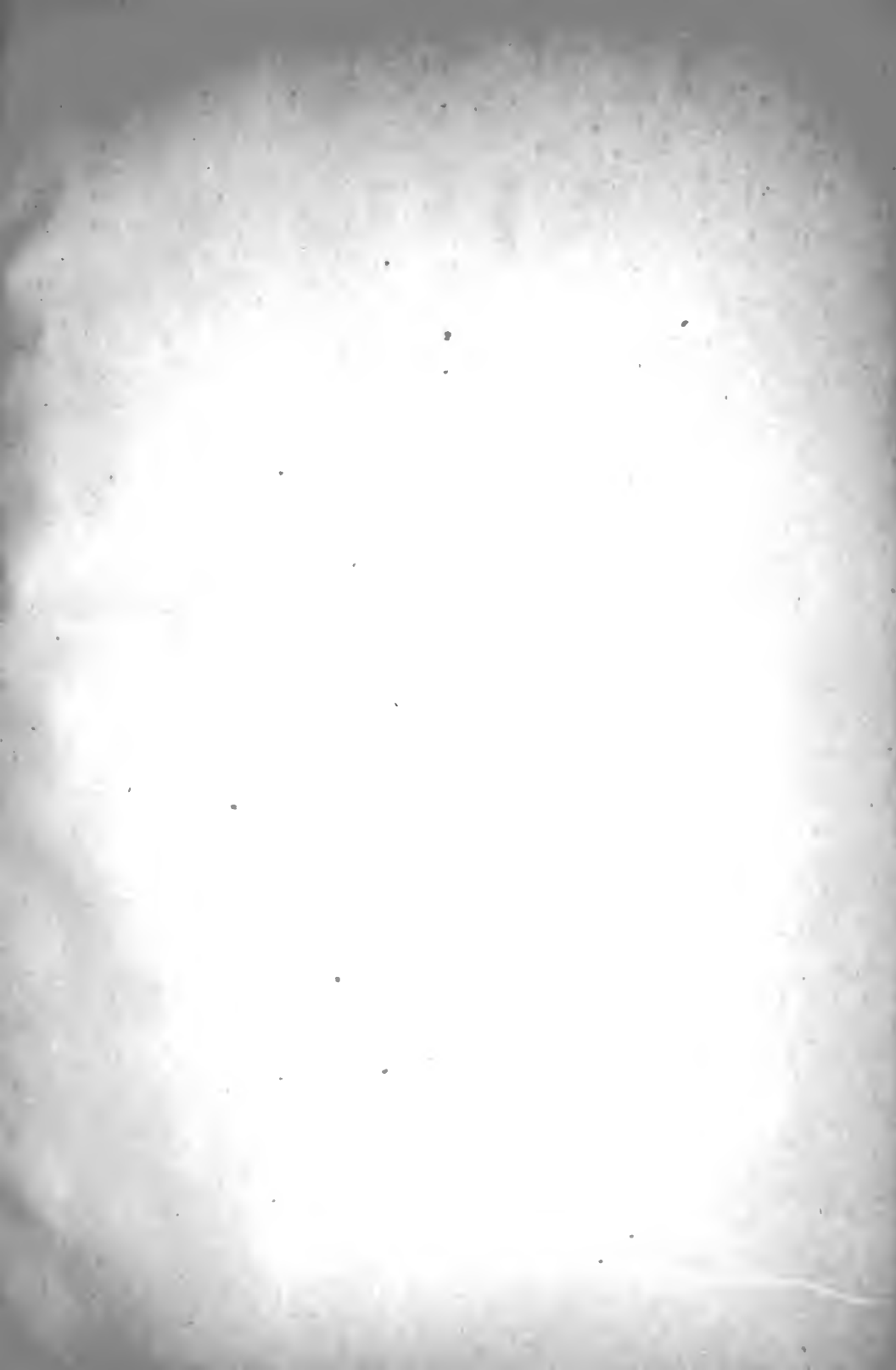
TIME met Beauty one day in her garden,
Where roses were blooming fair,
Time and Beauty were never good friends,
So she wondered what brought him there!
Poor Beauty exclaimed, with a sorrowful air,
"I request, Father Time, my sweet roses you'll spare:"
For Time was going to mow them all down,
While Beauty exclaimed, with her prettiest frown,
"Fie, Father Time!
Oh, what a crime!"

"Well," said Time, "at least let me gather
A few of your roses here;
'Tis part of my pride to be always supplied
With such roses, the whole of the year."
Poor Beauty consented, though half in despair,
And Time, as he went, asked a lock of her hair;
And, as he stole the soft ringlet so bright,
He vowed 'twas for love—but she knew 'twas for spite.
Fie, Father Time!
Oh, what a crime!

Time went on and left Beauty in tears;
He's a tell-tale the world well knows.
So he boasted to all, of the fair lady's fall,
And showed the lost ringlet and rose.
So shocked was poor Beauty, to think that her fame
Was ruined, though she was in no wise to blame,
That she droop'd like some flower that's torn from its clime,
And her friends all mysteriously said—"It was time!"
Oh, fie, Father Time!
Oh, what a crime!









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